MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

10¢

NO. 75 AUG.

JACK'S TAVERN
RN

CAP PISTOL

THE IDEAL TOY FOR BOYS!

"ARMY OFFICERS" .45 REPEATING AUTOMATIC

Only $1.95

FIRES 50 ROUNDS WITHOUT RE-LOADING

Barrel Actually Smokes When Fired! Easy to Use — Load!

Boy-oh-boy! This is the cap pistol you've been waiting for! It's a large-size model of the Colt .45 Automatic carried by Army Officers during the war. Feels and handles like the real thing! Shoots with a "bang!" every time you pull the trigger . . . with or without caps! And listen to this! It's post-war constructed inside and out of long-lasting aluminum and steel, with a beautiful, lustrous plastic grip. Pistol "breaks" open for easy inside loading of caps! Fires 50 rounds—one after the other—with one loading!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Rush your order today for this amazing realistic repeating cap pistol and ammunition. Use coupon below. Inspect and use pistol for 10 days. If you are not delighted, return it and your money will be refunded. Enclose total amount of your order with coupon. Pistol and ammunition will be shipped to you express charges collect. Hurry! Quantity limited! Rush your order now!

SANTA SALES, Dept. B-17 • 5657 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 51, Ill.

Pistol "BREAKS" Open for BREECH LOADING

Snap pistol open! Insert roll caps! Snap pistol shut! It's ready for easy firing . . . 50 rounds without re-loading!

RUSH COUPON TODAY FOR .45 AUTOMATIC Repeating Cap Pistol and Ammunition!

ORDER AMMUNITION

Box of 250 Rounds of Caps .	15c each
Box of 750 Rounds of Caps . .	.45c each
Box of 1750 Rounds of Caps . .	$1.00 each
Box of 3500 Rounds of Caps . .	$2.00 each

Have more fun with your repeating cap pistol. Keep a good supply of roll caps on hand.

NO ORDERS SHIPPED FOR LESS THAN $1.00

NO C.O.D. ORDERS

SANTA SALES, Dept. B-17
5657 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 51, Illinois

I enclose $______ Please rush ______ Cap Pistols, and ammunition as checked below. Please ship to me express charges collect. If I am not delighted with pistol, I can return it in 10 days and get my money back.

______Boxes of 250 Rounds of Caps at 15c per box . . . . $______
______Boxes of 750 Rounds of Caps at 45c per box . . . . $______
______Boxes of 1750 Rounds of Caps at $1.00 per box . . $______
______Boxes of 3500 Rounds of Caps at $2.00 per box . . $______

Name. . ________________ City________
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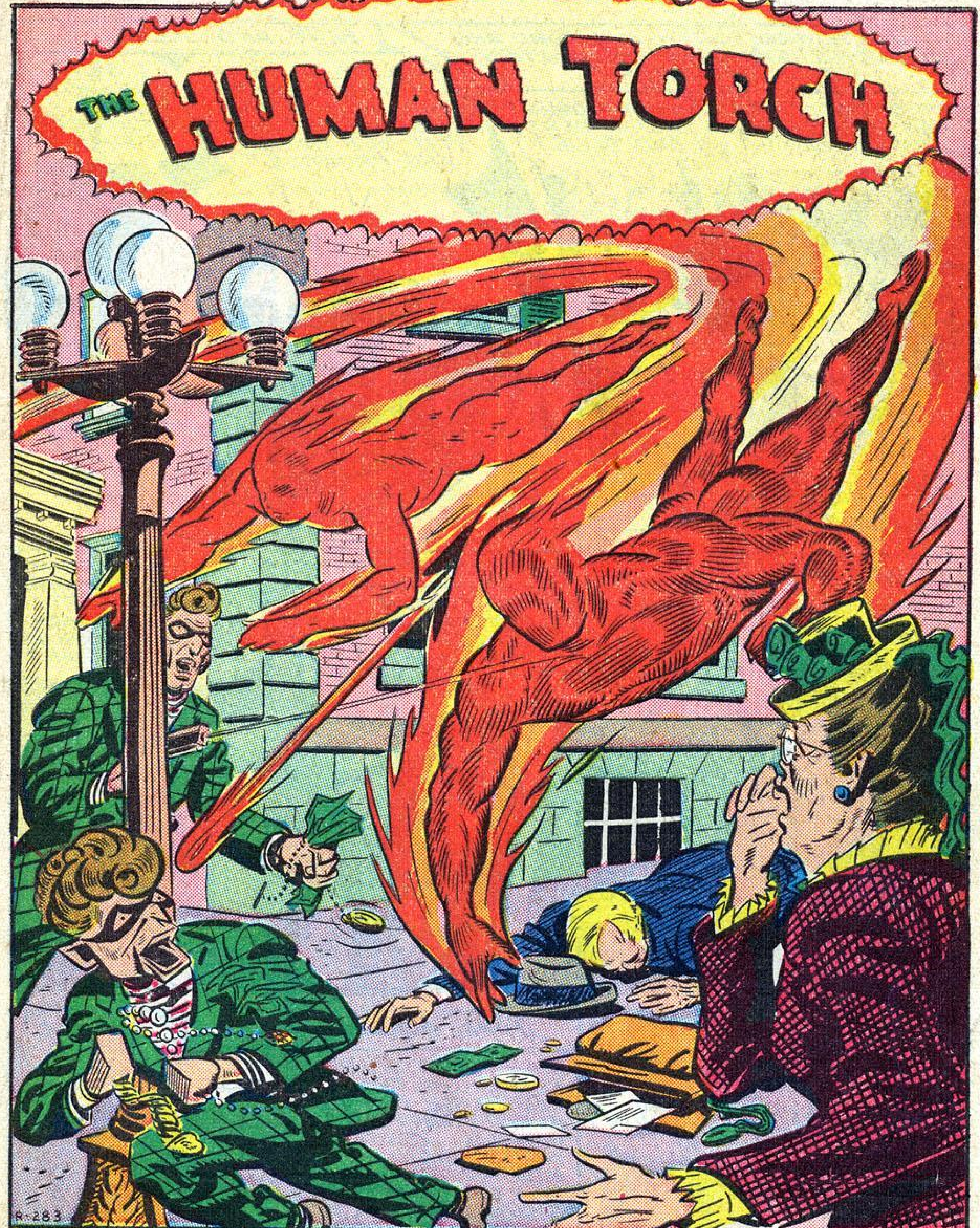
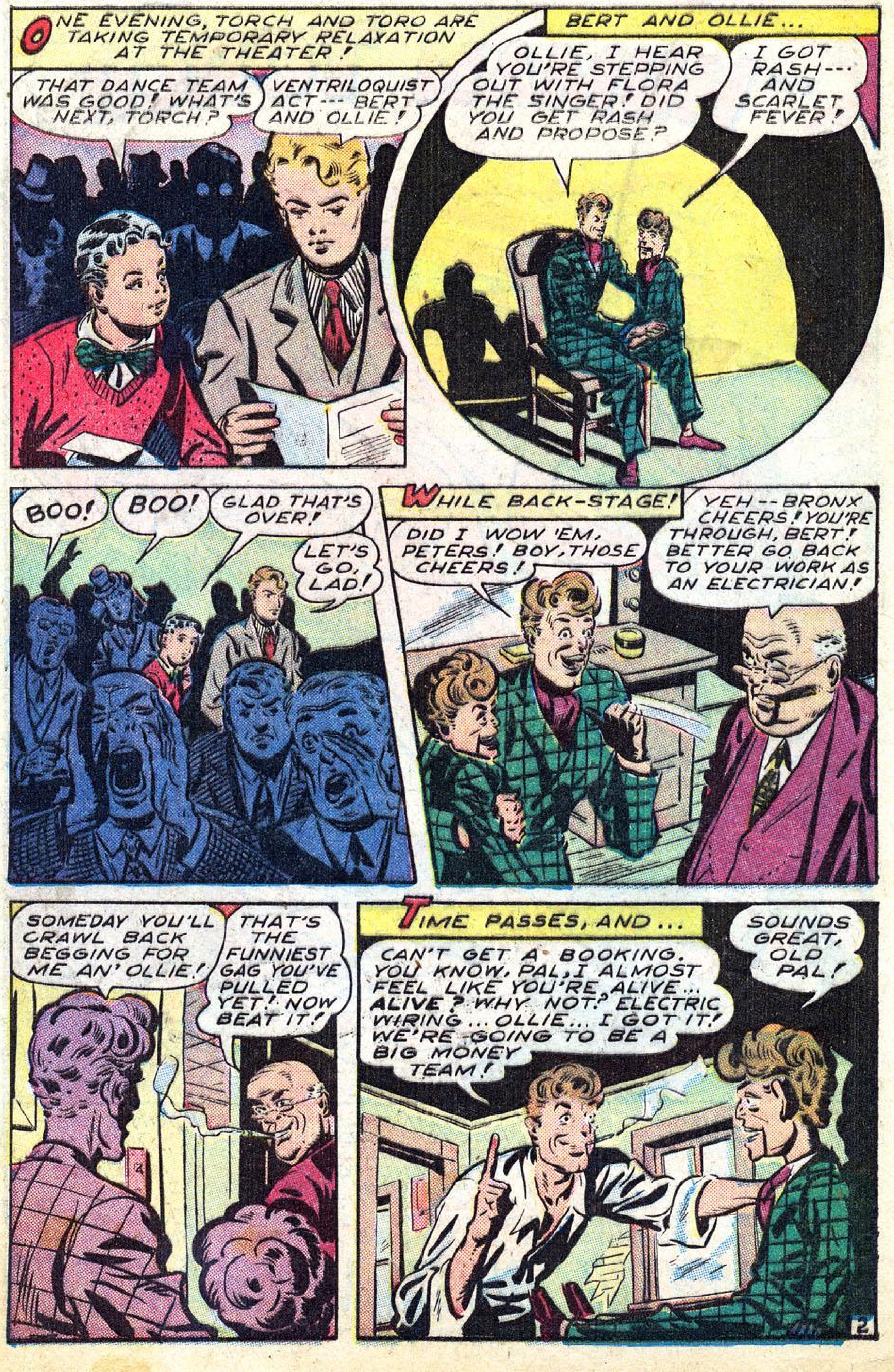
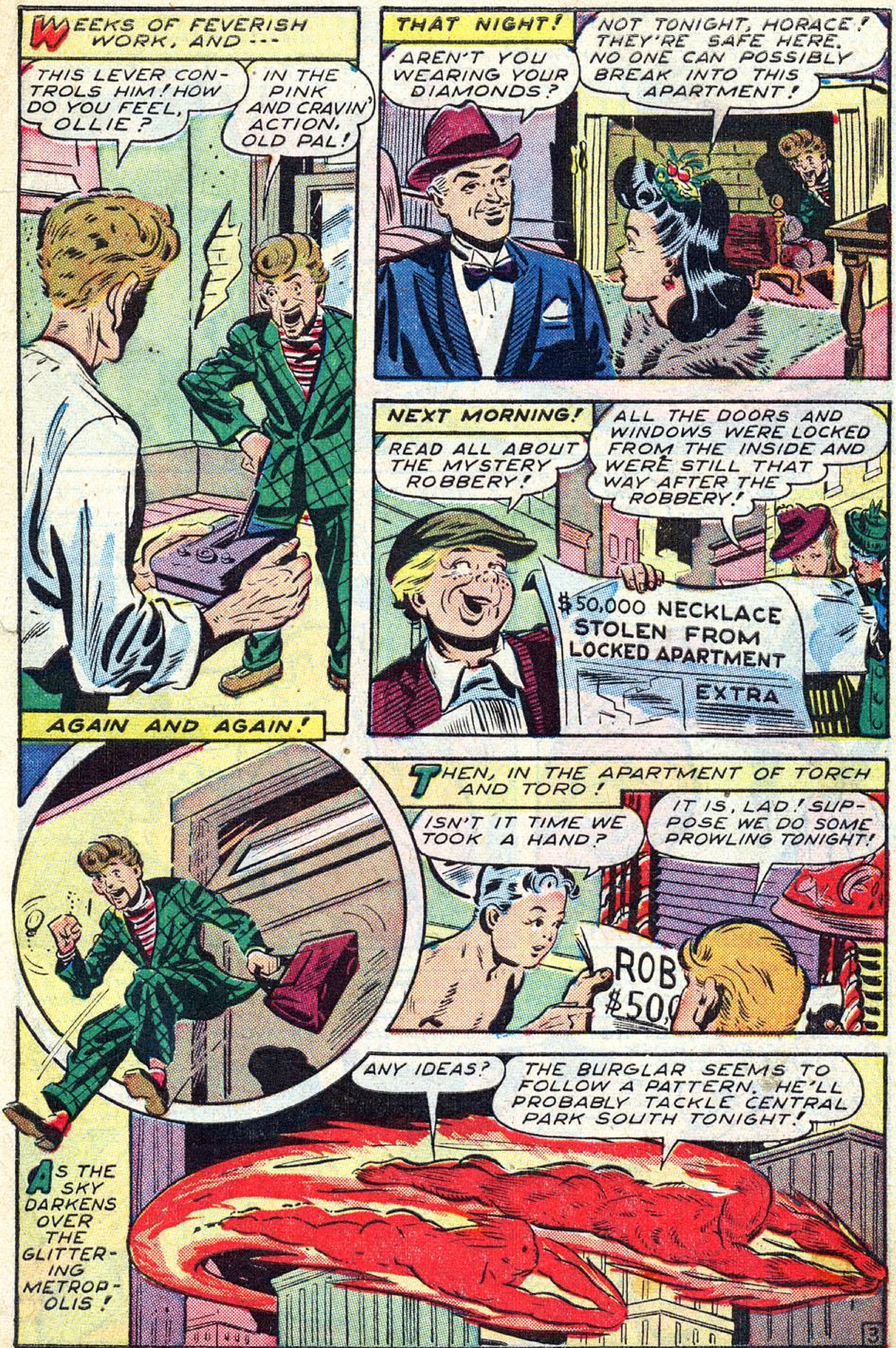
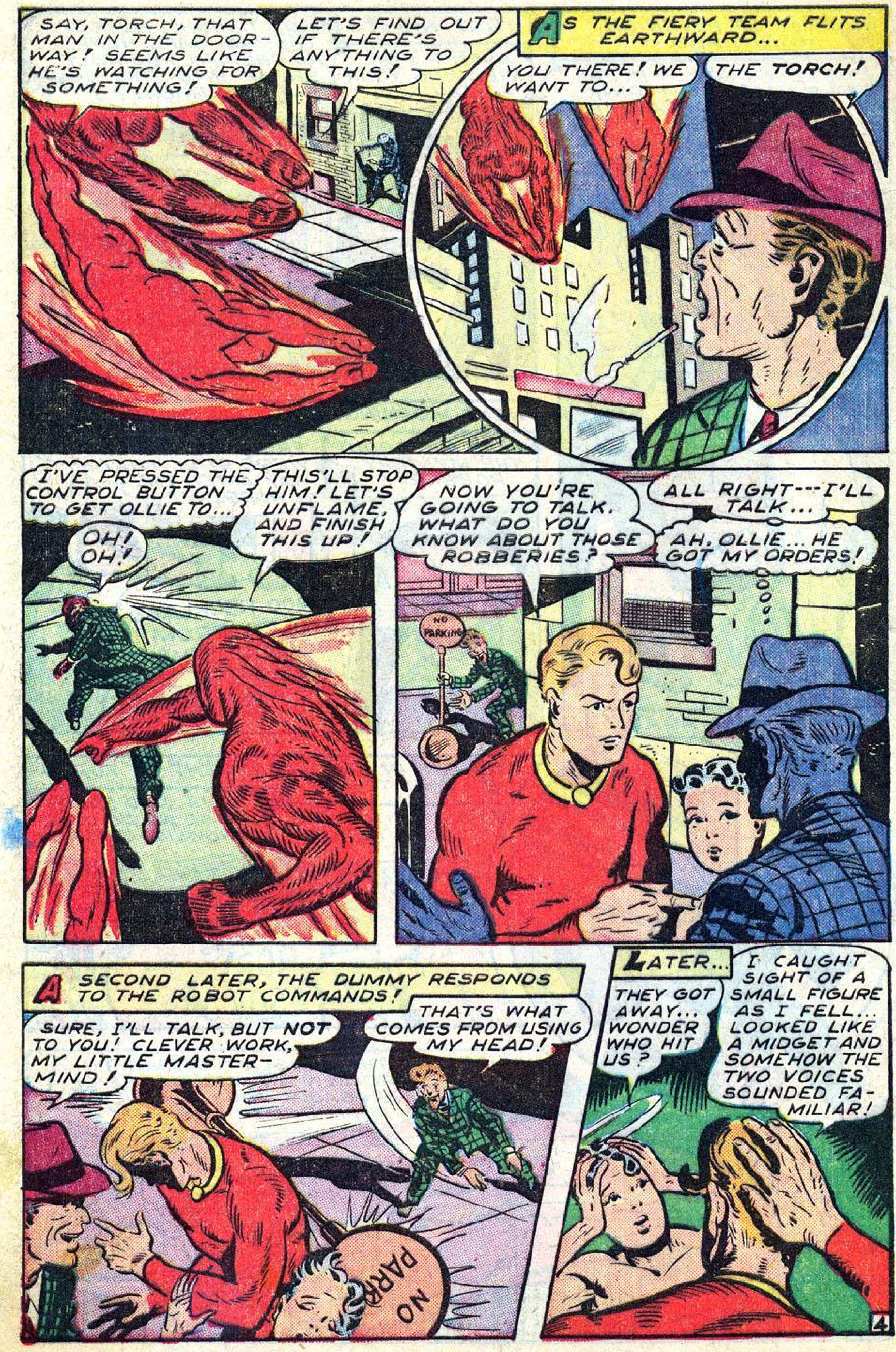


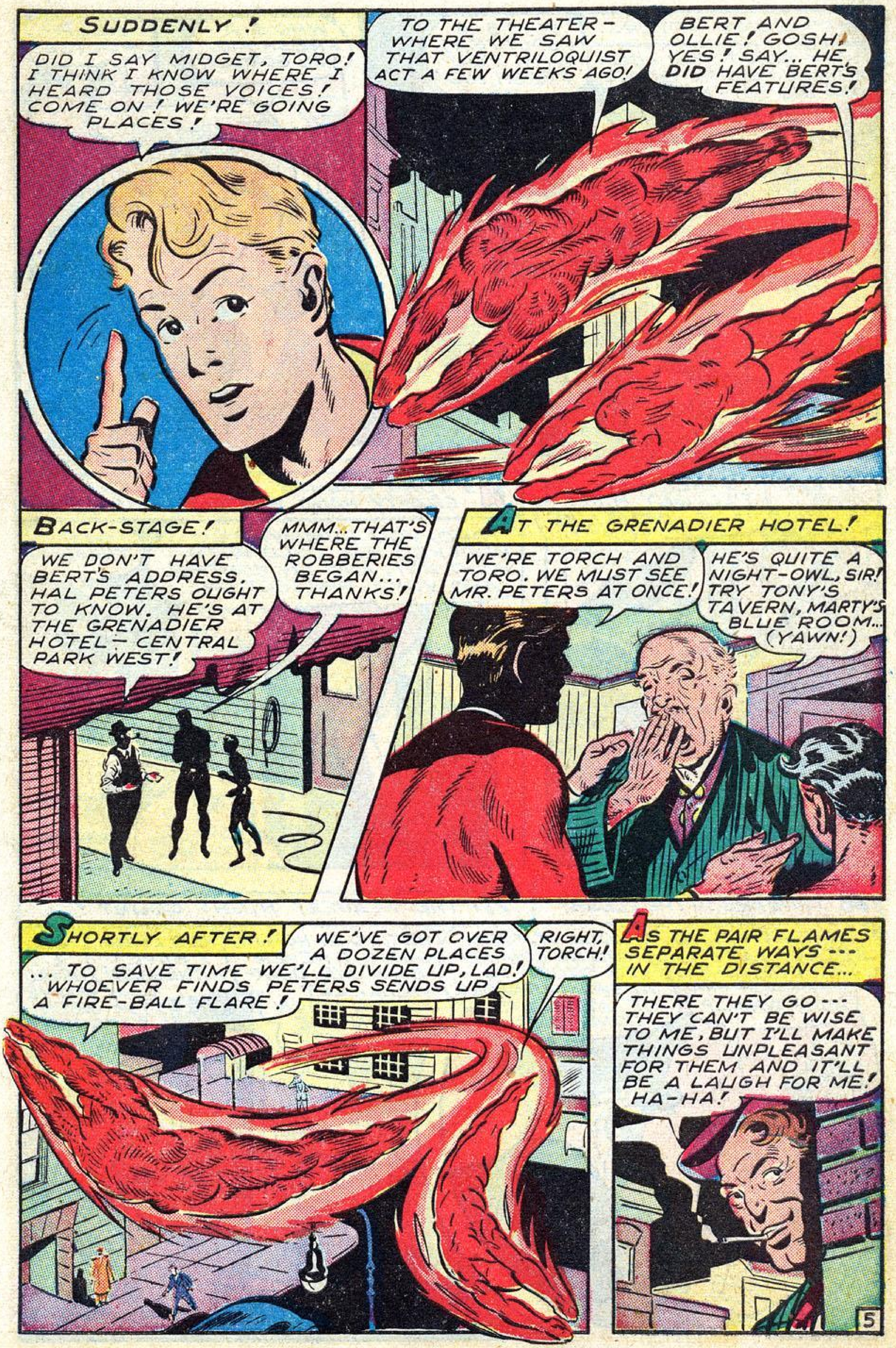
STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! WATCH THOSE TWO CUNNING BEDEVILLERS--- A BRAZEN ACTOR AND A DUMMY, GIVE A MASTER PERFORMANCE IN CRIME... AND WATCH THOSE TWO STAR CRIME-CRUSHERS, **TORCH** AND **TORO**, BATTLE AGAINST THE RUTHLESS ROGUES WHO THINK THE WORLD IS A STAGE FOR CRIMINAL CAPERS! IT'S A THRILL-JAMMED SHOW, FOLKS, REQUIRING A GRIP ON STEADY NERVES AS THE FLAMING **TORCH** AND **TORO** SMASH THE MENACE OF

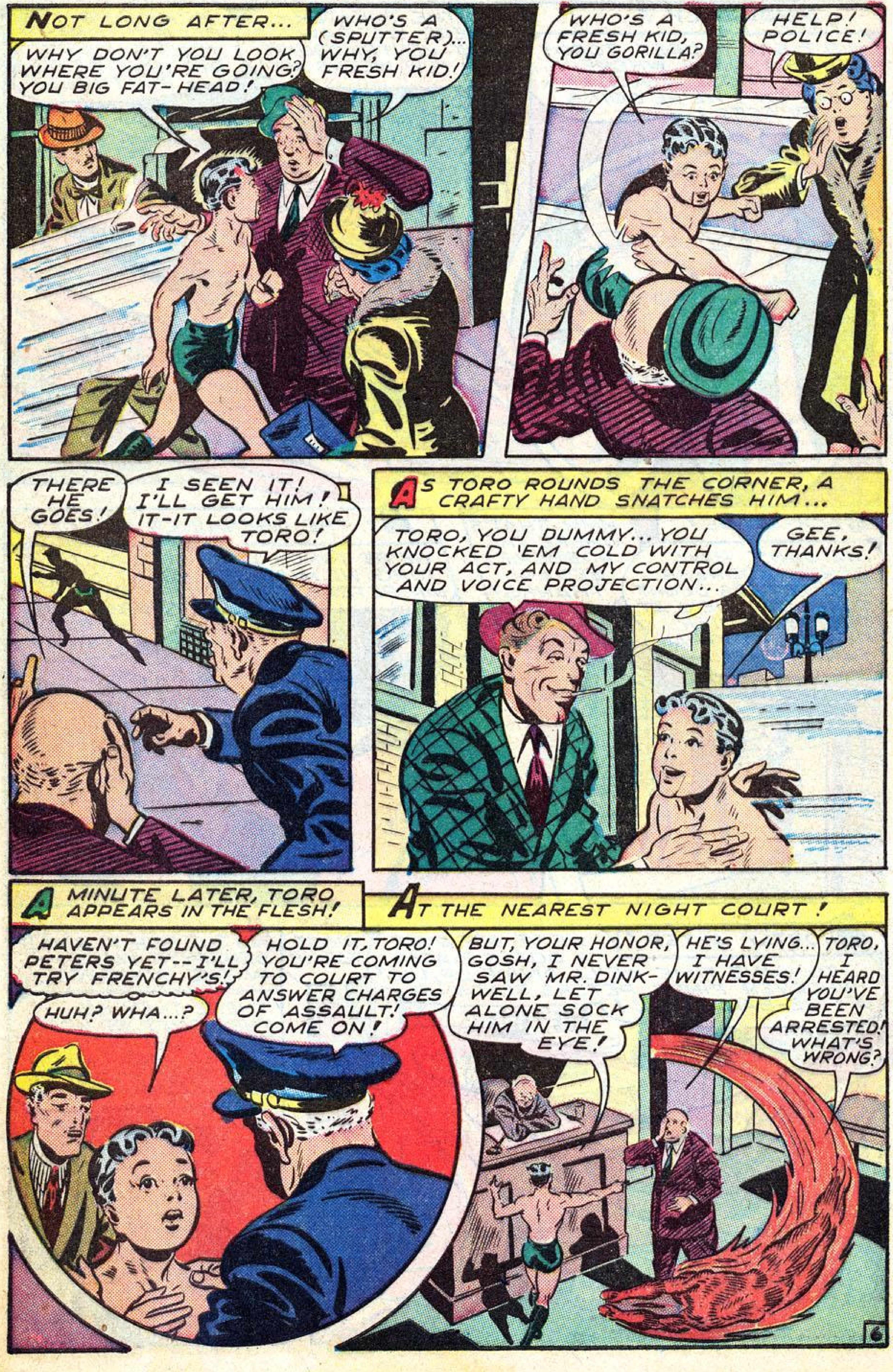
"THE VENTRILOQUIST'S VENGEANCE!"

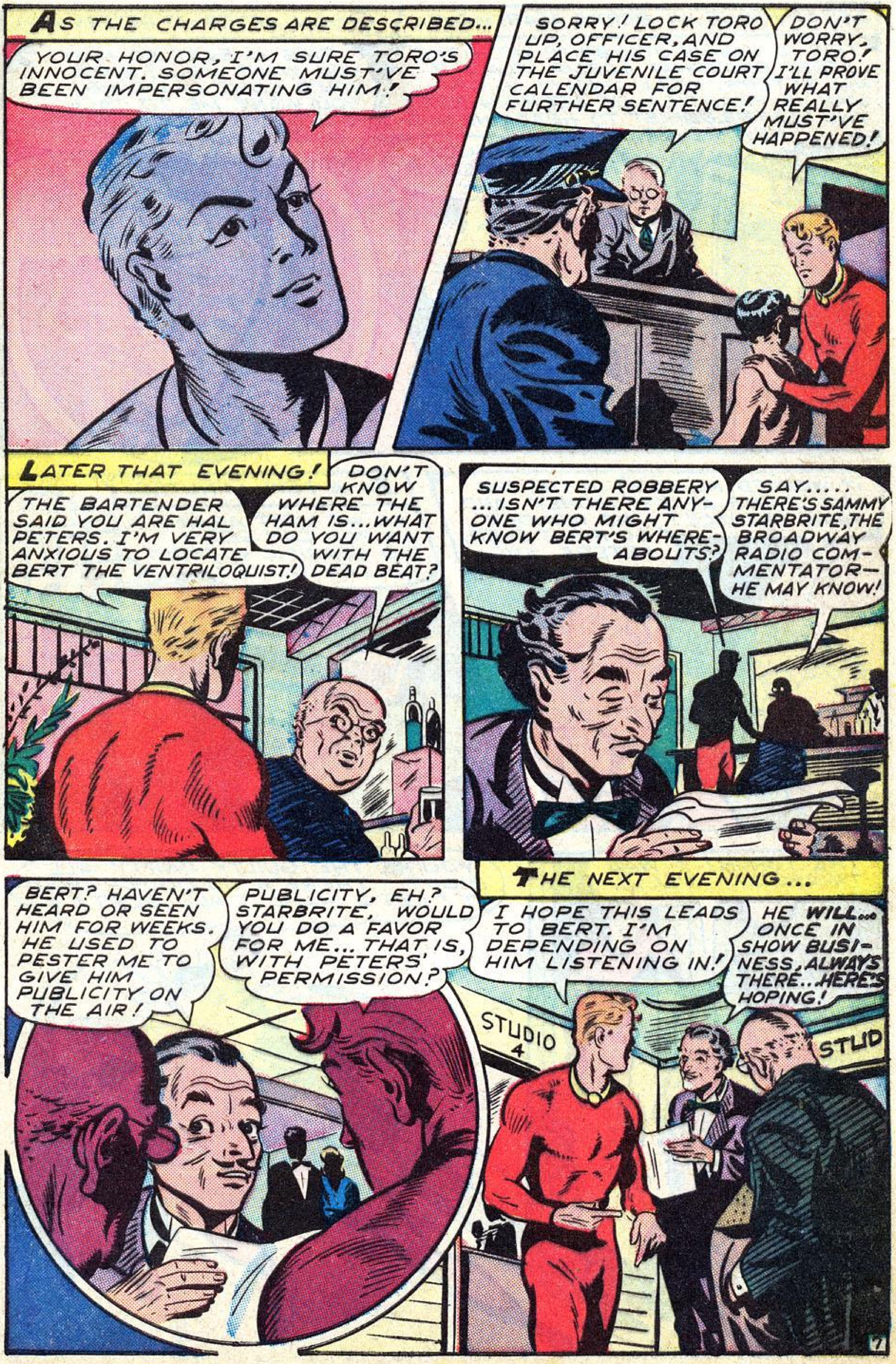

ONE EVENING, TORCH AND TORO ARE TAKING TEMPORARY RELAXATION AT THE THEATER!
THAT DANCE TEAM WAS GOOD! WHAT'S NEXT, TORCH?
VENTRILOQUIST ACT--- BERT AND OLLIE!
BERT AND OLLIE...
OLLIE, I HEAR YOU'RE STEPPING OUT WITH FLORA THE SINGER! DID YOU GET RASH AND PROPOSE?
I GOT RASH--- AND SCARLET FEVER!
BOO!
BOO!
GLAD THAT'S OVER!
LET'S GO, LAD!
WHILE BACK-STAGE!
DID I WOW 'EM, PETERS! BOY, THOSE CHEERS!
YEH--BRONX CHEERS! YOU'RE THROUGH, BERT! BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR WORK AS AN ELECTRICIAN!
SOMEDAY YOU'LL CRAWL BACK BEGGING FOR ME AN' OLLIE!
THAT'S THE FUNNIEST GAG YOU'VE PULLED YET! NOW BEAT IT!
TIME PASSES, AND ...
CAN'T GET A BOOKING. YOU KNOW, PAL, I ALMOST FEEL LIKE YOU'RE ALIVE... **ALIVE**? WHY NOT? ELECTRIC WIRING... OLLIE... I GOT IT! WE'RE GOING TO BE A BIG MONEY TEAM!
SOUNDS GREAT, OLD PAL!

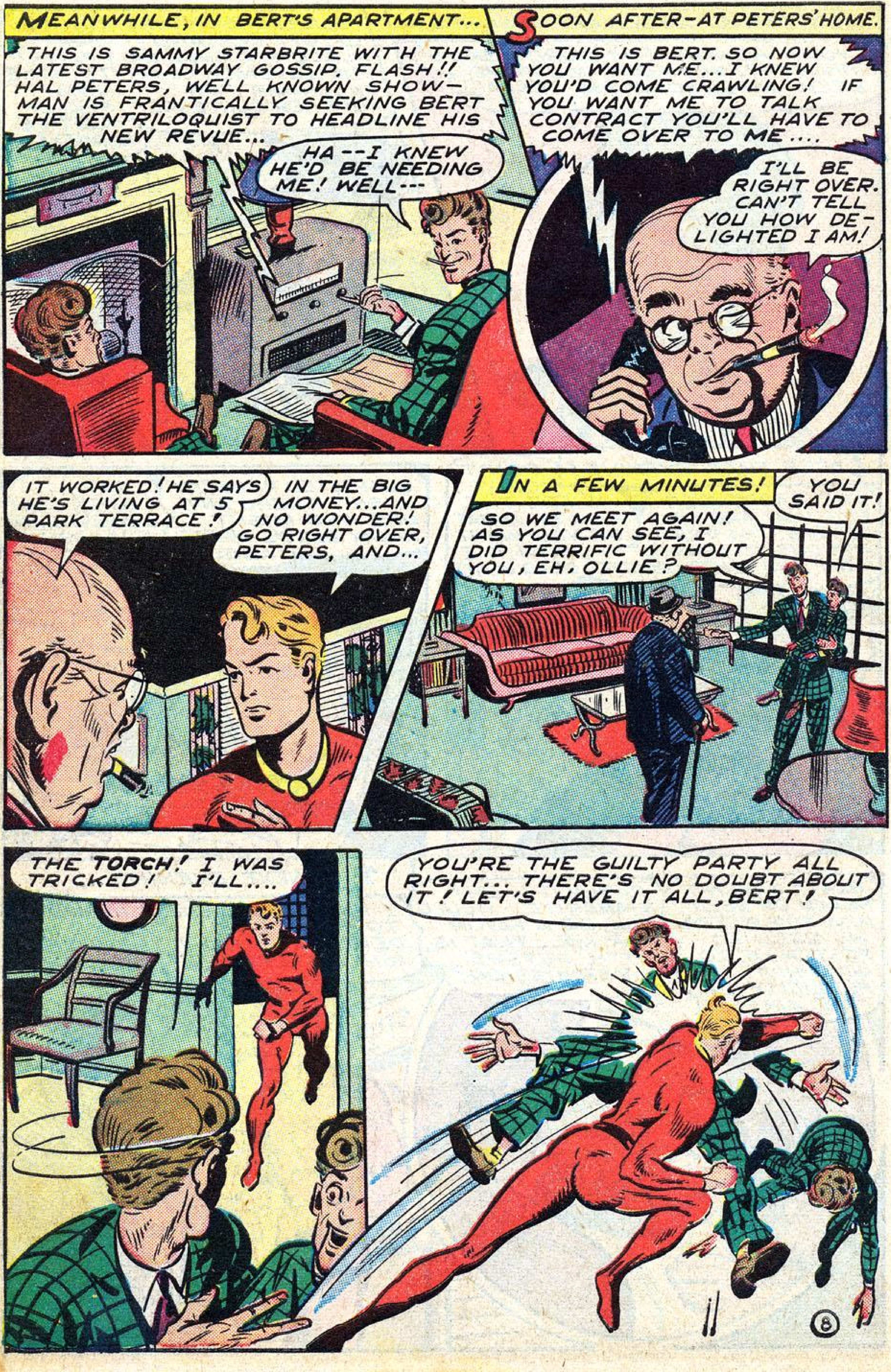

WEEKS OF FEVERISH WORK, AND ---
THIS LEVER CONTROLS HIM! HOW DO YOU FEEL, OLLIE?
IN THE PINK AND CRAVIN' ACTION, OLD PAL!
THAT NIGHT!
AREN'T YOU WEARING YOUR DIAMONDS?
NOT TONIGHT, HORACE! THEY'RE SAFE HERE. NO ONE CAN POSSIBLY BREAK INTO THIS APARTMENT!
NEXT MORNING!
READ ALL ABOUT THE MYSTERY ROBBERY!
ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS WERE LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE AND WERE STILL THAT WAY AFTER THE ROBBERY!
$50,000 NECKLACE STOLEN FROM LOCKED APARTMENT
EXTRA
AGAIN AND AGAIN!
THEN, IN THE APARTMENT OF TORCH AND TORO!
ISN'T IT TIME WE TOOK A HAND?
IT IS, LAD! SUPPOSE WE DO SOME PROWLING TONIGHT!
ROB
$50,0
AS THE SKY DARKENS OVER THE GLITTERING METROPOLIS!
ANY IDEAS?
THE BURGLAR SEEMS TO FOLLOW A PATTERN. HE'LL PROBABLY TACKLE CENTRAL PARK SOUTH TONIGHT!

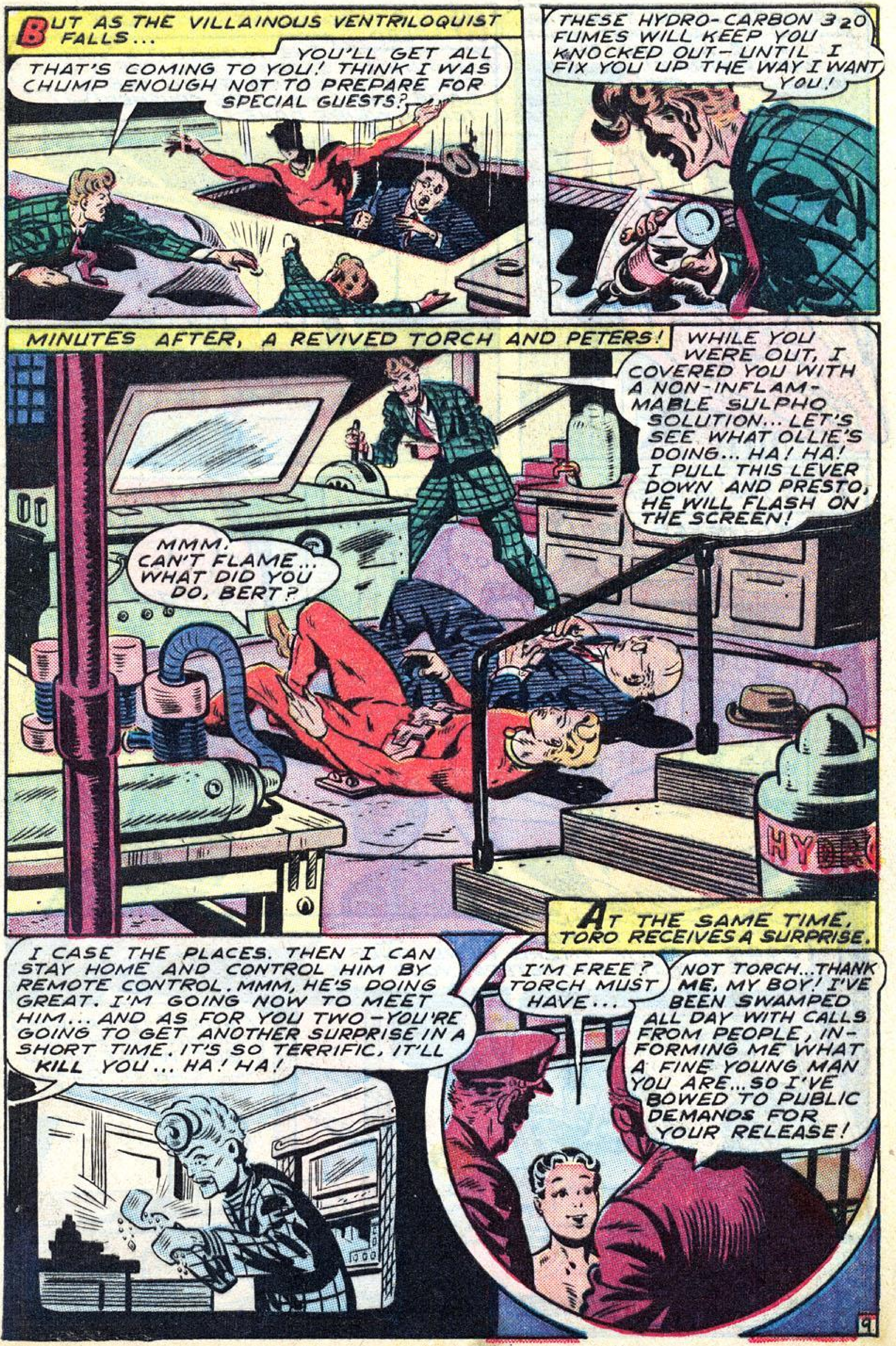

SAY, TORCH, THAT MAN IN THE DOORWAY! SEEMS LIKE HE'S WATCHING FOR SOMETHING!
LET'S FIND OUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO THIS!
AS THE FIERY TEAM FLITS EARTHWARD...
YOU THERE! WE WANT TO...
THE TORCH!
I'VE PRESSED THE CONTROL BUTTON TO GET OLLIE TO...
THIS'LL STOP HIM! LET'S UNFLAME, AND FINISH THIS UP!
OH! OH!
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO TALK. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THOSE ROBBERIES?
ALL RIGHT---I'LL TALK...
AH, OLLIE... HE GOT MY ORDERS!
NO PARKING
A SECOND LATER, THE DUMMY RESPONDS TO THE ROBOT COMMANDS!
SURE, I'LL TALK, BUT NOT TO YOU! CLEVER WORK, MY LITTLE MASTER-MIND!
THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM USING MY HEAD!
NO PARK
LATER...
THEY GOT AWAY... WONDER WHO HIT US?
I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A SMALL FIGURE AS I FELL... LOOKED LIKE A MIDGET AND SOMEHOW THE TWO VOICES SOUNDED FAMILIAR!

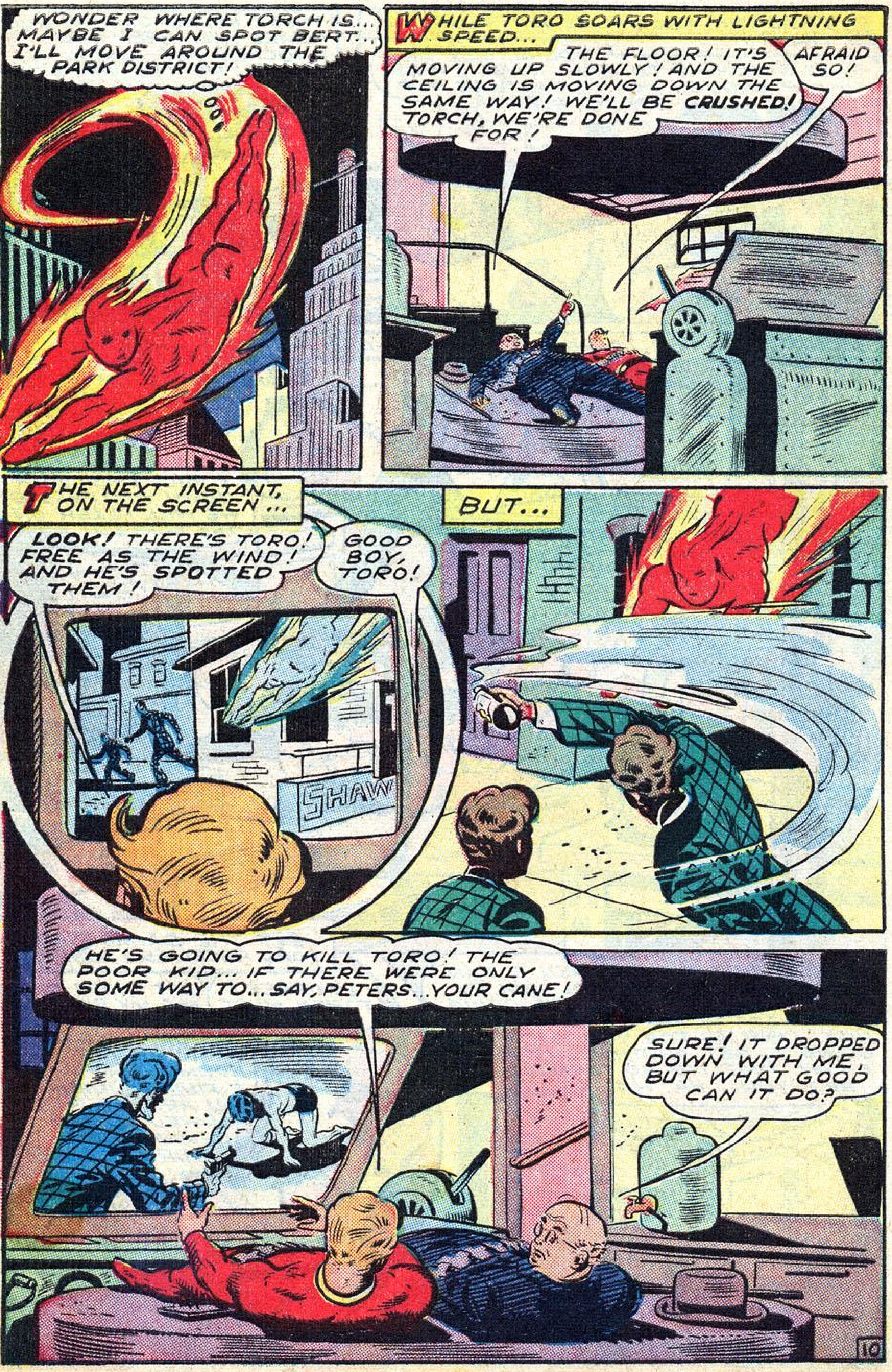

SUDDENLY !
DID I SAY MIDGET, TORO! I THINK I KNOW WHERE I HEARD THOSE VOICES! COME ON! WE'RE GOING PLACES!
TO THE THEATER — WHERE WE SAW THAT VENTRILOQUIST ACT A FEW WEEKS AGO!
BERT AND OLLIE! GOSH! YES! SAY... HE DID HAVE BERT'S FEATURES!
BACK-STAGE!
WE DON'T HAVE BERT'S ADDRESS. HAL PETERS OUGHT TO KNOW. HE'S AT THE GRENADIER HOTEL — CENTRAL PARK WEST!
MMM... THAT'S WHERE THE ROBBERIES BEGAN... THANKS!
AT THE GRENADIER HOTEL!
WE'RE TORCH AND TORO. WE MUST SEE MR. PETERS AT ONCE!
HE'S QUITE A NIGHT-OWL, SIR! TRY TONY'S TAVERN, MARTY'S BLUE ROOM... (YAWN!)
SHORTLY AFTER!
WE'VE GOT OVER A DOZEN PLACES ... TO SAVE TIME WE'LL DIVIDE UP, LAD! WHOEVER FINDS PETERS SENDS UP A FIRE-BALL FLARE!
RIGHT, TORCH!
AS THE PAIR FLAMES SEPARATE WAYS --- IN THE DISTANCE...
THERE THEY GO --- THEY CAN'T BE WISE TO ME, BUT I'LL MAKE THINGS UNPLEASANT FOR THEM AND IT'LL BE A LAUGH FOR ME! HA-HA!

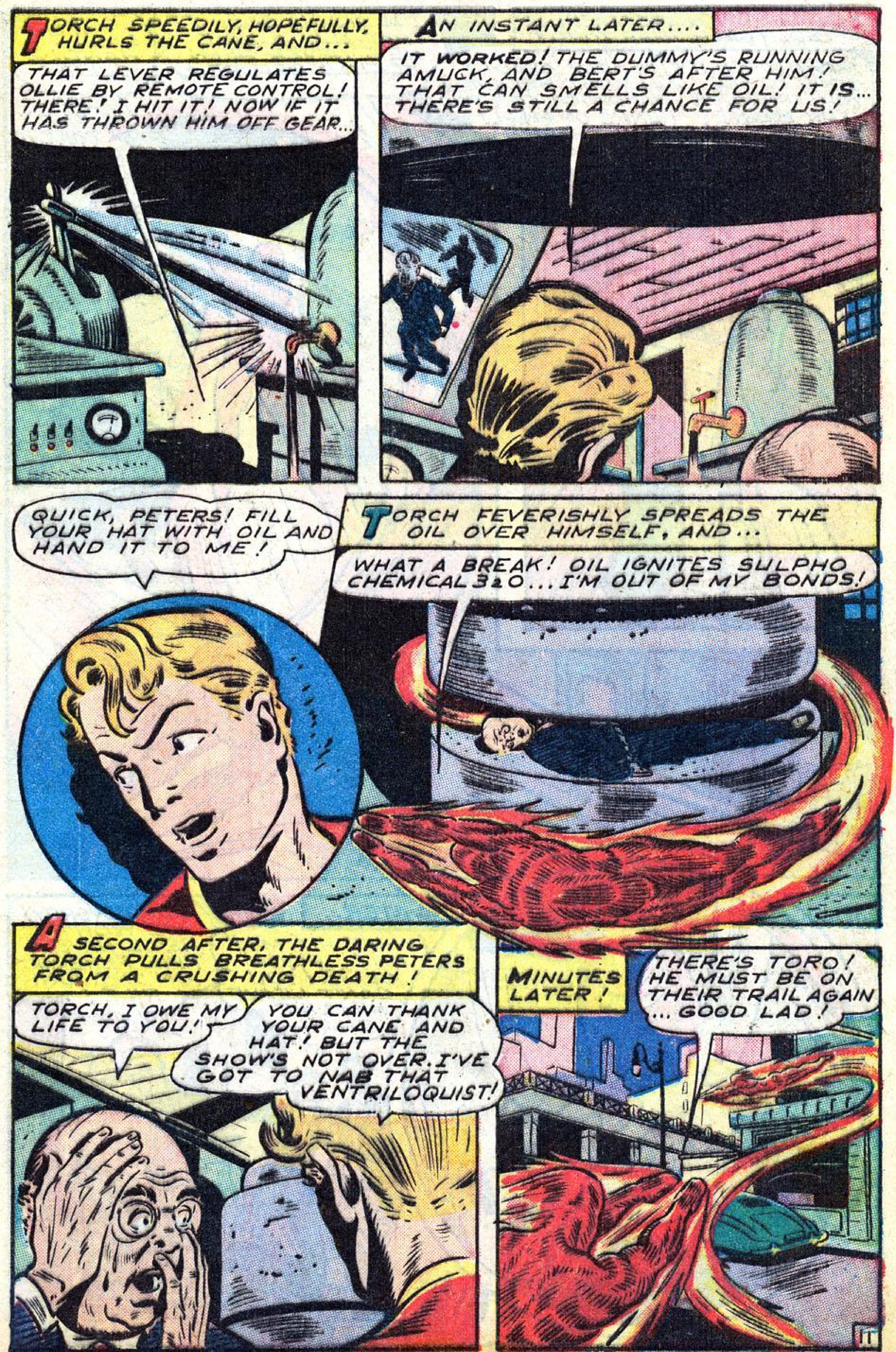

NOT LONG AFTER...
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING? YOU BIG FAT-HEAD!
WHO'S A (SPUTTER)... WHY, YOU FRESH KID!
WHO'S A FRESH KID, YOU GORILLA?
HELP! POLICE!
THERE HE GOES!
I SEEN IT! I'LL GET HIM! IT-IT LOOKS LIKE TORO!
AS TORO ROUNDS THE CORNER, A CRAFTY HAND SNATCHES HIM...
TORO, YOU DUMMY... YOU KNOCKED 'EM COLD WITH YOUR ACT, AND MY CONTROL AND VOICE PROJECTION...
GEE, THANKS!
A MINUTE LATER, TORO APPEARS IN THE FLESH!
HAVEN'T FOUND PETERS YET--I'LL TRY FRENCHY'S!
HUH? WHA...?
HOLD IT, TORO! YOU'RE COMING TO COURT TO ANSWER CHARGES OF ASSAULT! COME ON!
AT THE NEAREST NIGHT COURT!
BUT, YOUR HONOR, GOSH, I NEVER SAW MR. DINKWELL, LET ALONE SOCK HIM IN THE EYE!
HE'S LYING... I HAVE WITNESSES!
TORO, I HEARD YOU'VE BEEN ARRESTED! WHAT'S WRONG?

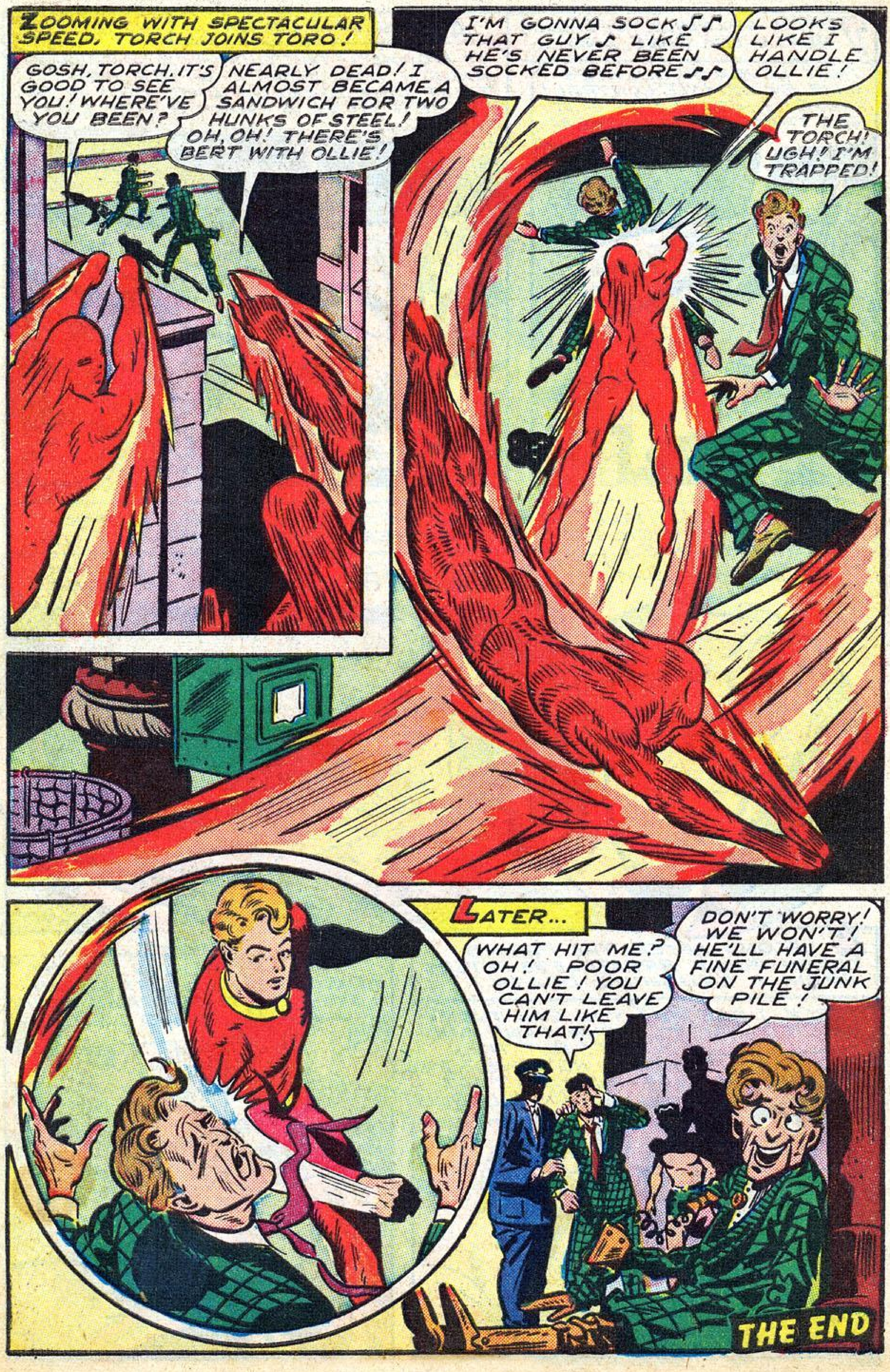

AS THE CHARGES ARE DESCRIBED...
YOUR HONOR, I'M SURE TORO'S INNOCENT. SOMEONE MUST'VE BEEN IMPERSONATING HIM!
SORRY! LOCK TORO UP, OFFICER, AND PLACE HIS CASE ON THE JUVENILE COURT CALENDAR FOR FURTHER SENTENCE!
DON'T WORRY, TORO! I'LL PROVE WHAT REALLY MUST'VE HAPPENED!
LATER THAT EVENING!
THE BARTENDER SAID YOU ARE HAL PETERS. I'M VERY ANXIOUS TO LOCATE BERT THE VENTRILOQUIST!
DON'T KNOW WHERE THE HAM IS...WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THE DEAD BEAT?
SUSPECTED ROBBERY ...ISN'T THERE ANYONE WHO MIGHT KNOW BERT'S WHEREABOUTS?
SAY..... THERE'S SAMMY STARBRITE, THE BROADWAY RADIO COMMENTATOR— HE MAY KNOW!
BERT? HAVEN'T HEARD OR SEEN HIM FOR WEEKS. HE USED TO PESTER ME TO GIVE HIM PUBLICITY ON THE AIR!
PUBLICITY, EH? STARBRITE, WOULD YOU DO A FAVOR FOR ME... THAT IS, WITH PETERS' PERMISSION?
THE NEXT EVENING...
I HOPE THIS LEADS TO BERT. I'M DEPENDING ON HIM LISTENING IN!
HE WILL... ONCE IN SHOW BUSINESS, ALWAYS THERE... HERE'S HOPING!
STUDIO 4
STUD


MEANWHILE, IN BERT'S APARTMENT...
THIS IS SAMMY STARBRITE WITH THE LATEST BROADWAY GOSSIP. FLASH!! HAL PETERS, WELL KNOWN SHOW-MAN IS FRANTICALLY SEEKING BERT THE VENTRILOQUIST TO HEADLINE HIS NEW REVUE...
HA--I KNEW HE'D BE NEEDING ME! WELL--
SOON AFTER-AT PETERS' HOME.
THIS IS BERT. SO NOW YOU WANT ME...I KNEW YOU'D COME CRAWLING! IF YOU WANT ME TO TALK CONTRACT YOU'LL HAVE TO COME OVER TO ME....
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER. CAN'T TELL YOU HOW DELIGHTED I AM!
IT WORKED! HE SAYS HE'S LIVING AT 5 PARK TERRACE!
IN THE BIG MONEY...AND NO WONDER! GO RIGHT OVER, PETERS, AND...
IN A FEW MINUTES!
SO WE MEET AGAIN! AS YOU CAN SEE, I DID TERRIFIC WITHOUT YOU, EH, OLLIE?
YOU SAID IT!
THE TORCH! I WAS TRICKED! I'LL....
YOU'RE THE GUILTY PARTY ALL RIGHT... THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! LET'S HAVE IT ALL, BERT!

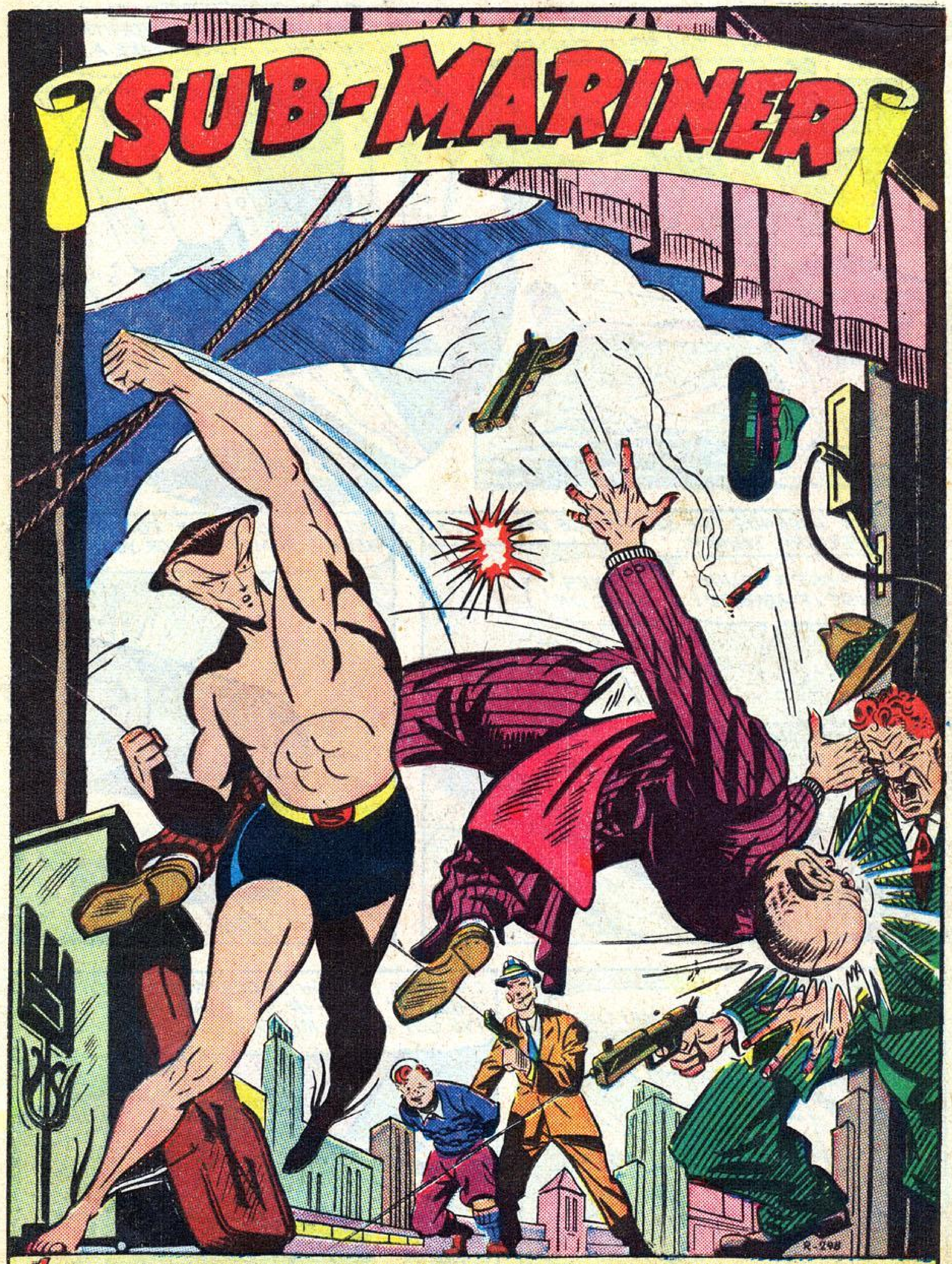

BUT AS THE VILLAINOUS VENTRILOQUIST FALLS...
YOU'LL GET ALL THAT'S COMING TO YOU! THINK I WAS CHUMP ENOUGH NOT TO PREPARE FOR SPECIAL GUESTS?
THESE HYDRO-CARBON 320 FUMES WILL KEEP YOU KNOCKED OUT—UNTIL I FIX YOU UP THE WAY I WANT YOU!
MINUTES AFTER, A REVIVED TORCH AND PETERS!
WHILE YOU WERE OUT, I COVERED YOU WITH A NON-INFLAMMABLE SULPHO SOLUTION... LET'S SEE WHAT OLLIE'S DOING... HA! HA! I PULL THIS LEVER DOWN AND PRESTO, HE WILL FLASH ON THE SCREEN!
MMM. CAN'T FLAME... WHAT DID YOU DO, BERT?
HYDR
I CASE THE PLACES. THEN I CAN STAY HOME AND CONTROL HIM BY REMOTE CONTROL. MMM, HE'S DOING GREAT. I'M GOING NOW TO MEET HIM... AND AS FOR YOU TWO—YOU'RE GOING TO GET ANOTHER SURPRISE IN A SHORT TIME. IT'S SO TERRIFIC, IT'LL KILL YOU... HA! HA!
AT THE SAME TIME, TORO RECEIVES A SURPRISE.
I'M FREE? TORCH MUST HAVE...
NOT TORCH... THANK ME, MY BOY! I'VE BEEN SWAMPED ALL DAY WITH CALLS FROM PEOPLE, INFORMING ME WHAT A FINE YOUNG MAN YOU ARE... SO I'VE BOWED TO PUBLIC DEMANDS FOR YOUR RELEASE!


WONDER WHERE TORCH IS... MAYBE I CAN SPOT BERT... I'LL MOVE AROUND THE PARK DISTRICT!
WHILE TORO SOARS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED...
THE FLOOR! IT'S MOVING UP SLOWLY! AND THE CEILING IS MOVING DOWN THE SAME WAY! WE'LL BE **CRUSHED!** TORCH, WE'RE DONE FOR!
AFRAID SO!
THE NEXT INSTANT, ON THE SCREEN...
LOOK! THERE'S TORO! FREE AS THE WIND! AND HE'S SPOTTED THEM!
GOOD BOY, TORO!
SHAW
BUT...
HE'S GOING TO KILL TORO! THE POOR KID... IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY TO... SAY, PETERS... YOUR CANE!
SURE! IT DROPPED DOWN WITH ME, BUT WHAT GOOD CAN IT DO?


TORCH SPEEDILY, HOPEFULLY, HURLS THE CANE, AND...
THAT LEVER REGULATES OLLIE BY REMOTE CONTROL! THERE! I HIT IT! NOW IF IT HAS THROWN HIM OFF GEAR...
AN INSTANT LATER....
IT WORKED! THE DUMMY'S RUNNING AMUCK, AND BERT'S AFTER HIM! THAT CAN SMELLS LIKE OIL! IT IS... THERE'S STILL A CHANCE FOR US!
QUICK, PETERS! FILL YOUR HAT WITH OIL AND HAND IT TO ME!
TORCH FEVERISHLY SPREADS THE OIL OVER HIMSELF, AND...
WHAT A BREAK! OIL IGNITES SULPHO CHEMICAL 320... I'M OUT OF MY BONDS!
A SECOND AFTER, THE DARING TORCH PULLS BREATHLESS PETERS FROM A CRUSHING DEATH!
TORCH, I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!
YOU CAN THANK YOUR CANE AND HAT! BUT THE SHOW'S NOT OVER. I'VE GOT TO NAB THAT VENTRILOQUIST!
MINUTES LATER!
THERE'S TORO! HE MUST BE ON THEIR TRAIL AGAIN ... GOOD LAD!

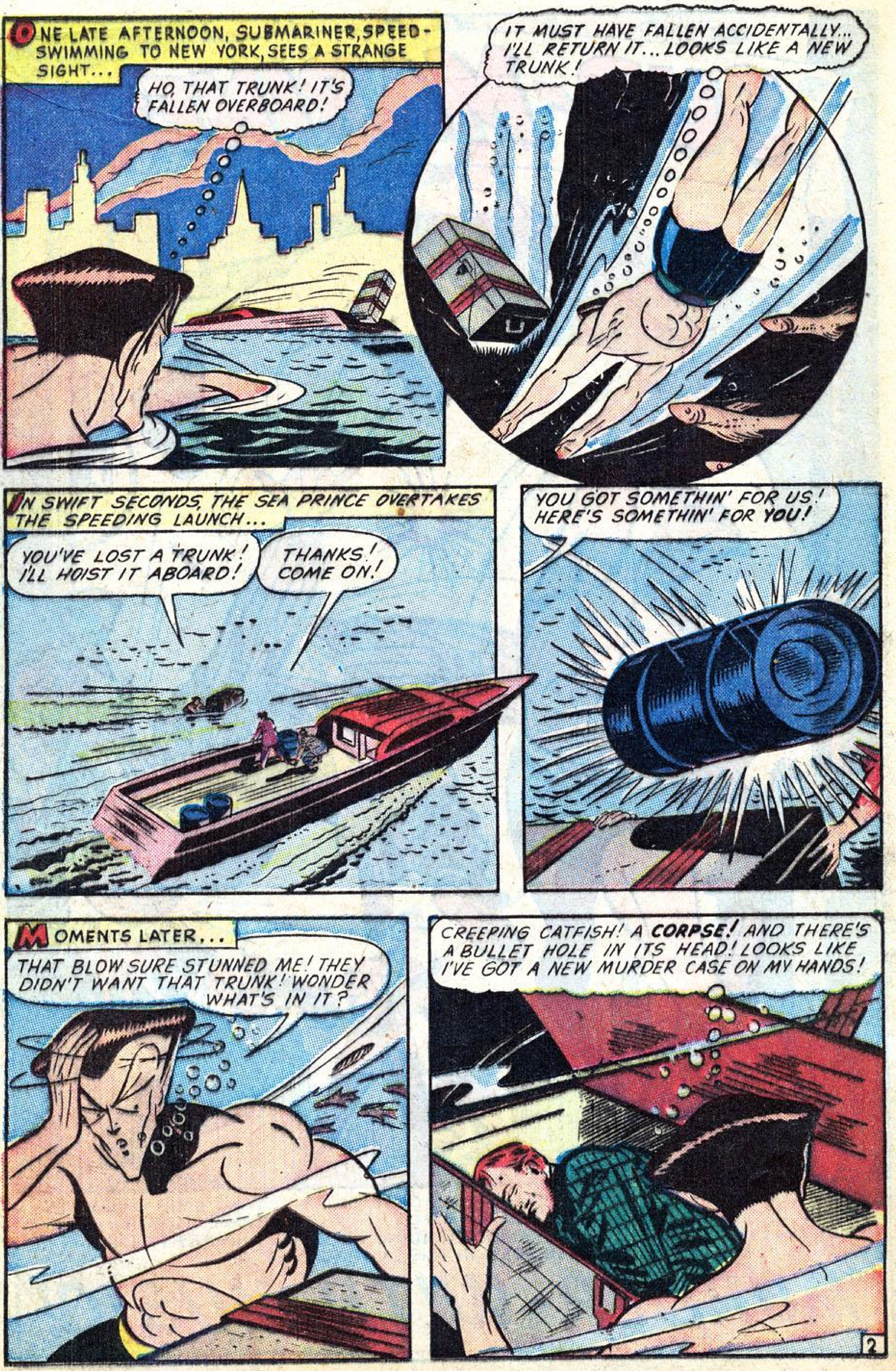

ZOOMING WITH SPECTACULAR SPEED, TORCH JOINS TORO!
GOSH, TORCH, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
NEARLY DEAD! I ALMOST BECAME A SANDWICH FOR TWO HUNKS OF STEEL! OH, OH! THERE'S BERT WITH OLLIE!
I'M GONNA SOCK ♫ THAT GUY ♪ LIKE HE'S NEVER BEEN SOCKED BEFORE ♫
LOOKS LIKE I HANDLE OLLIE!
THE TORCH! UGH! I'M TRAPPED!
LATER...
WHAT HIT ME? OH! POOR OLLIE! YOU CAN'T LEAVE HIM LIKE THAT!
DON'T WORRY! WE WON'T! HE'LL HAVE A FINE FUNERAL ON THE JUNK PILE!
THE END

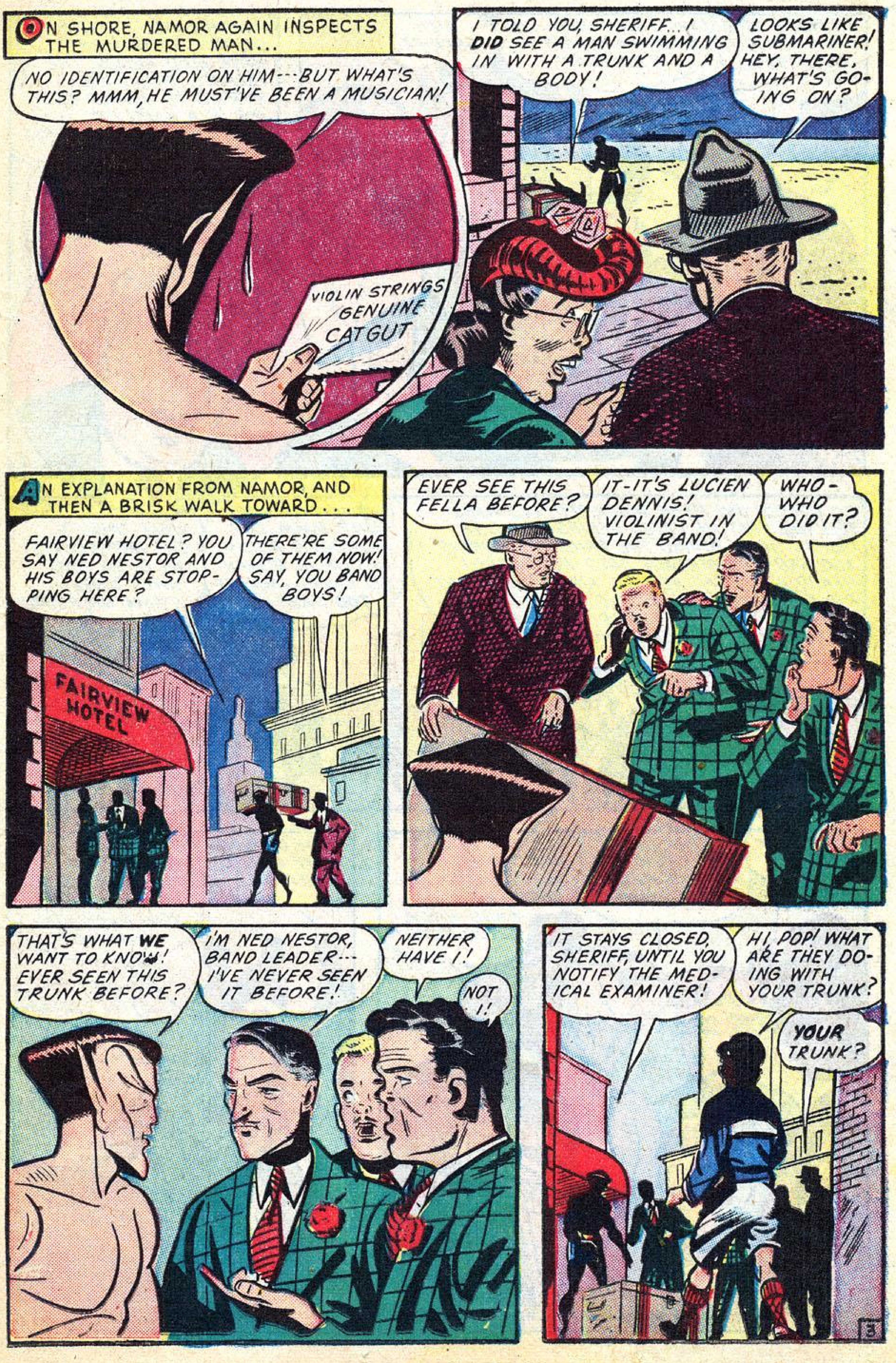
SUB-MARINER

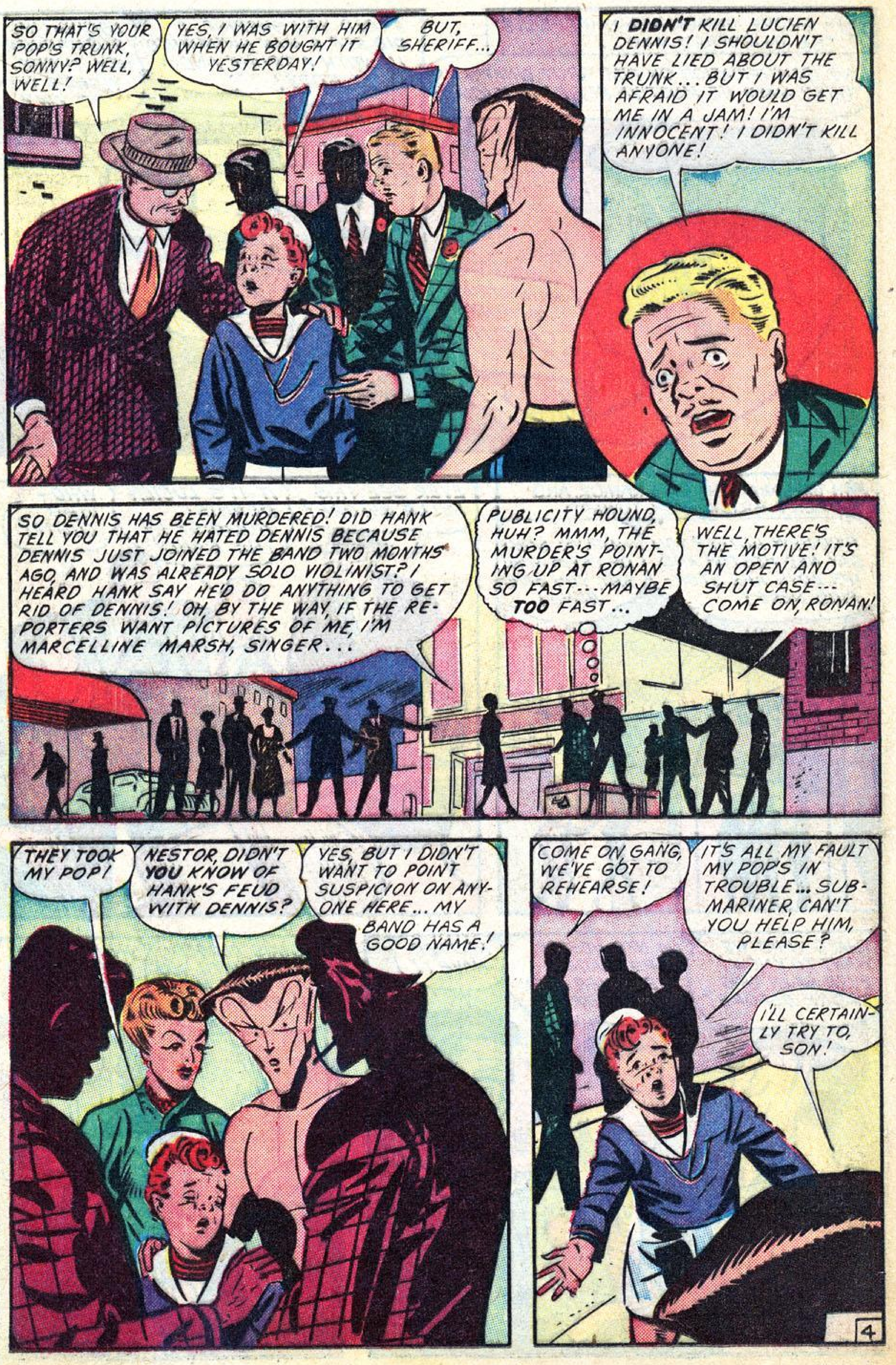


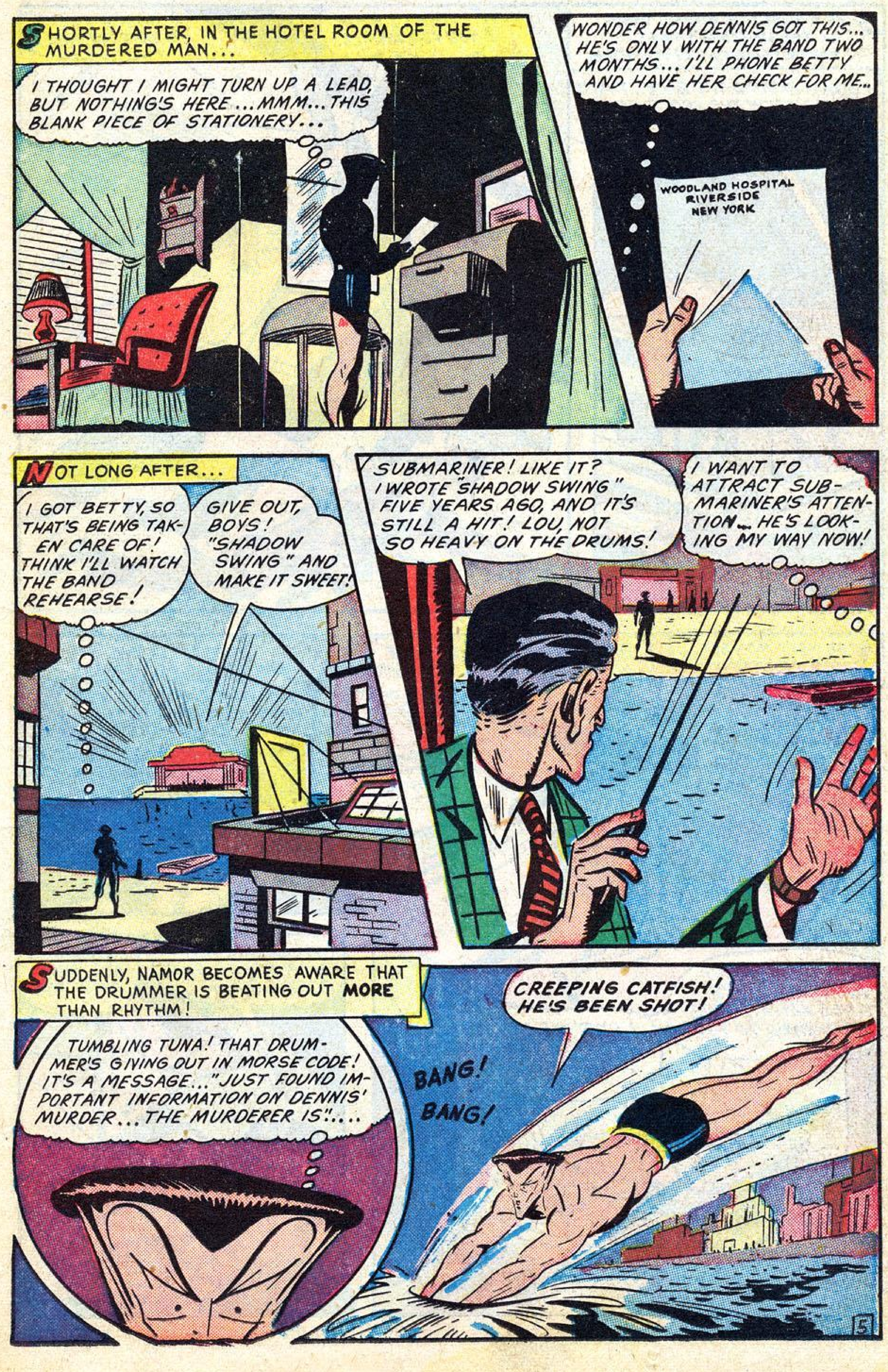
LOST LUGGAGE--- IN WHICH IS PACKED A LOAD OF HORROR! SWING BAND OF SMOOTH MELODY AND SUDDEN DEATH! BIZARRE MYSTERY TANGLING STRANGE CLUES IN A MURDER WEB OF VIOLENCE! AND THE MIGHTY-MUSCLED **SUBMARINER** FINDS HIMSELF PITTED IN PERIL AGAINST A BEWILDERING, RUTHLESS FOE--- IN THIS EXCITING CASE OF

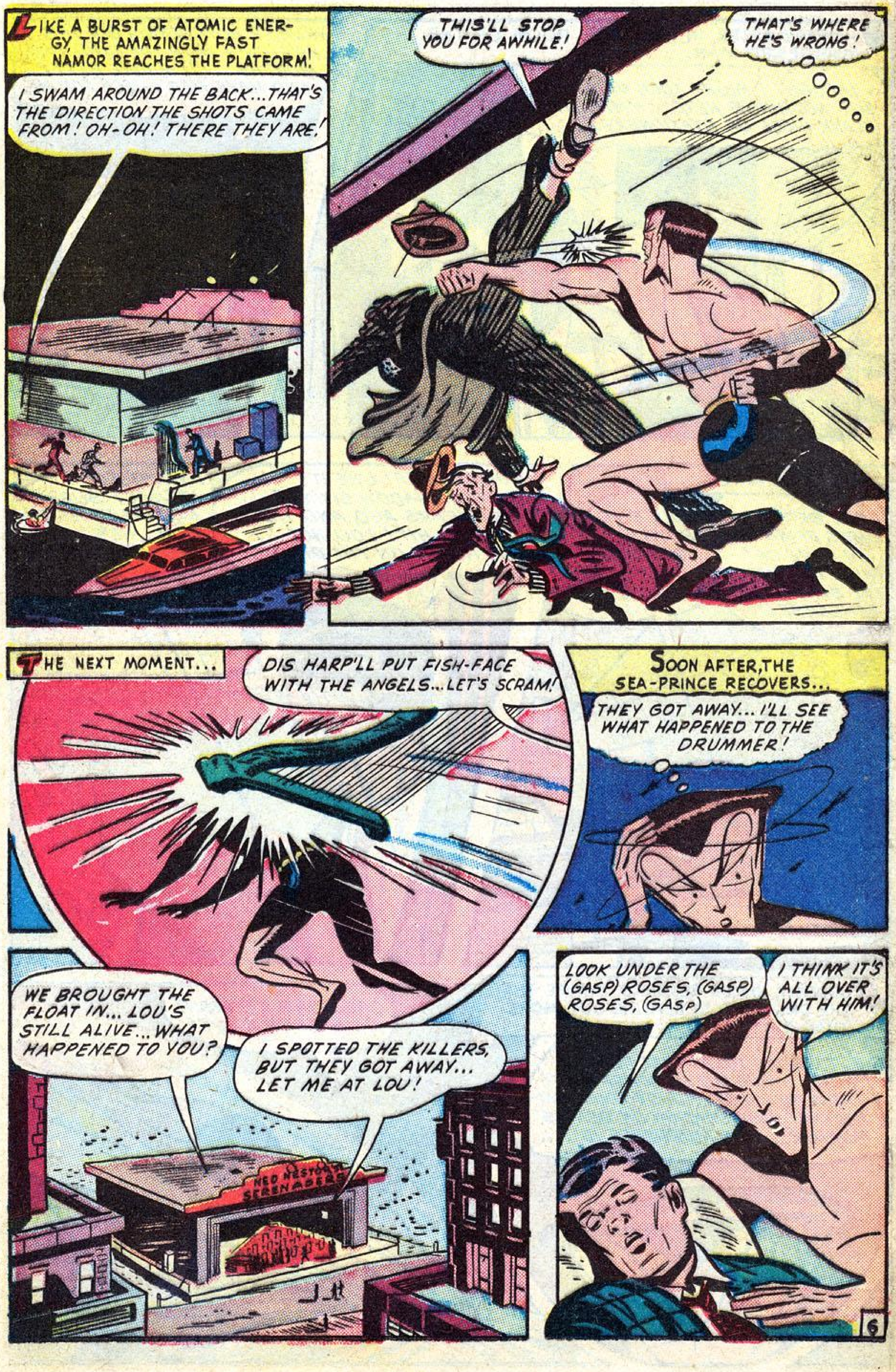
"MURDER-WITH MUSIC!"

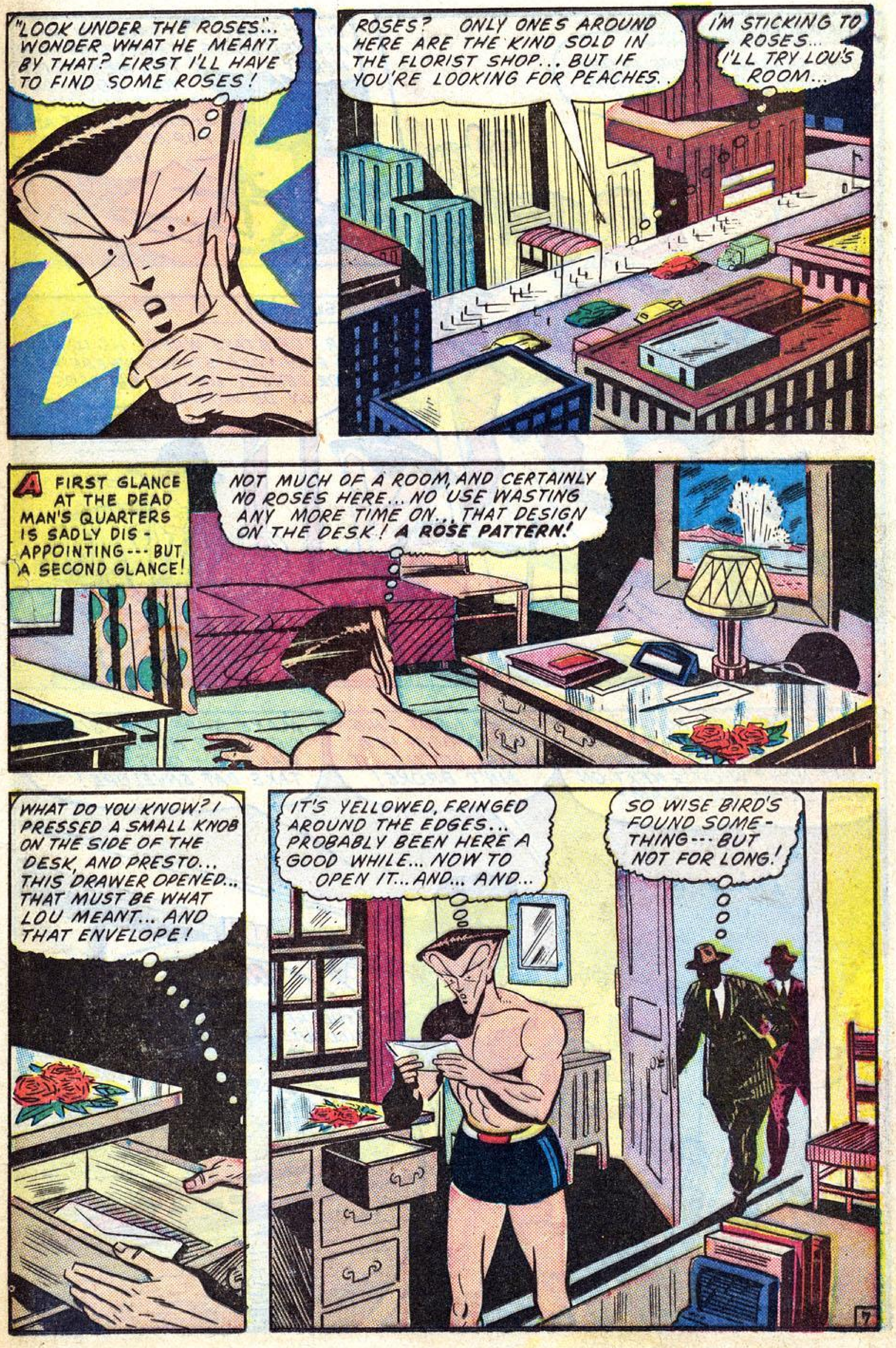

ONE LATE AFTERNOON, SUBMARINER, SPEED-SWIMMING TO NEW YORK, SEES A STRANGE SIGHT...
HO, THAT TRUNK! IT'S FALLEN OVERBOARD!
IT MUST HAVE FALLEN ACCIDENTALLY... I'LL RETURN IT... LOOKS LIKE A NEW TRUNK!
IN SWIFT SECONDS, THE SEA PRINCE OVERTAKES THE SPEEDING LAUNCH...
YOU'VE LOST A TRUNK! I'LL HOIST IT ABOARD!
THANKS! COME ON!
YOU GOT SOMETHIN' FOR US! HERE'S SOMETHIN' FOR YOU!
MOMENTS LATER,...
THAT BLOW SURE STUNNED ME! THEY DIDN'T WANT THAT TRUNK! WONDER WHAT'S IN IT?
CREEPING CATFISH! A CORPSE! AND THERE'S A BULLET HOLE IN ITS HEAD! LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT A NEW MURDER CASE ON MY HANDS!

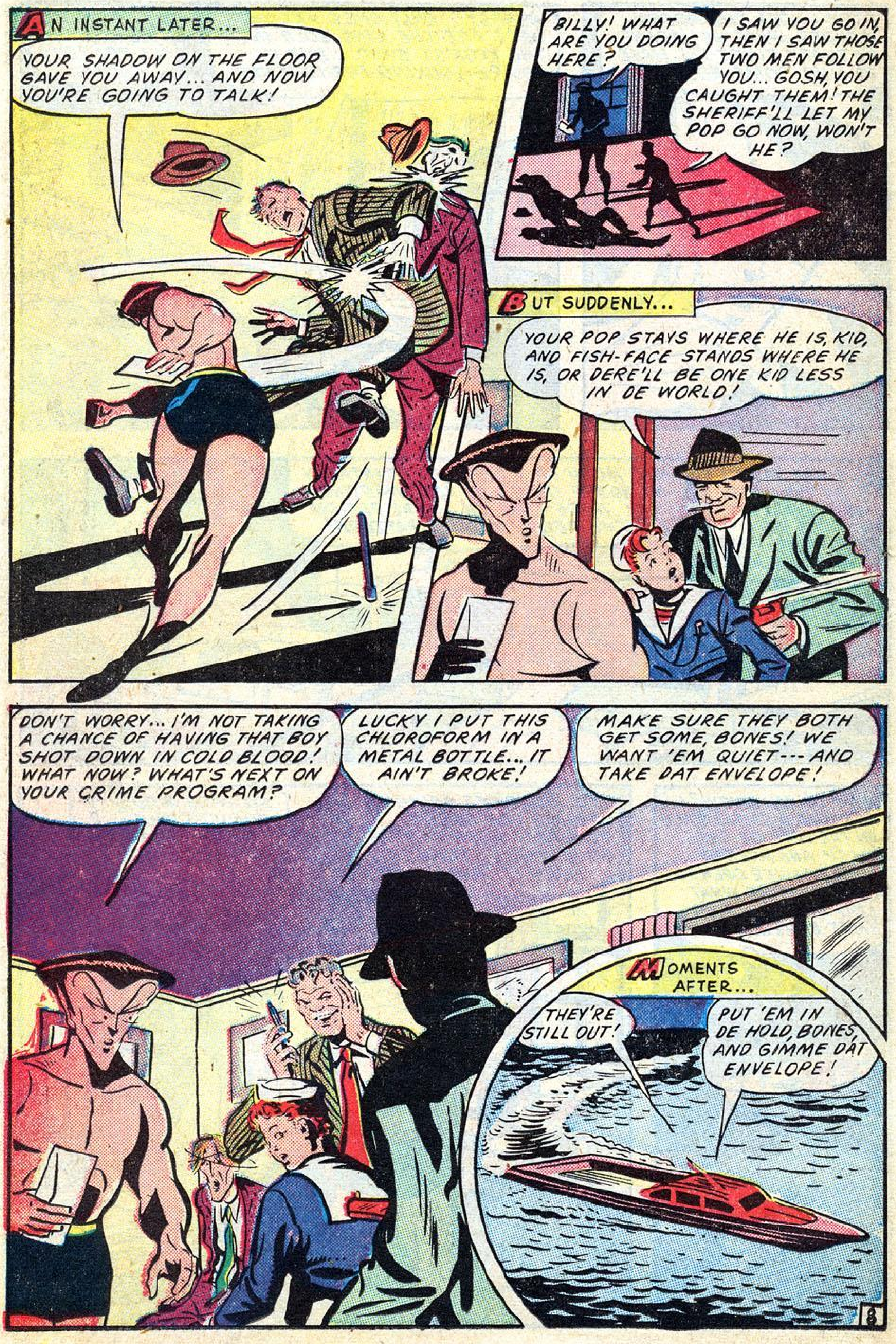

ON SHORE, NAMOR AGAIN INSPECTS THE MURDERED MAN...
NO IDENTIFICATION ON HIM---BUT WHAT'S THIS? MMM, HE MUST'VE BEEN A MUSICIAN!
VIOLIN STRINGS GENUINE CATGUT
I TOLD YOU, SHERIFF...I *DID* SEE A MAN SWIMMING IN WITH A TRUNK AND A BODY!
LOOKS LIKE SUBMARINER! HEY, THERE, WHAT'S GOING ON?
AN EXPLANATION FROM NAMOR, AND THEN A BRISK WALK TOWARD . . .
FAIRVIEW HOTEL? YOU SAY NED NESTOR AND HIS BOYS ARE STOPPING HERE?
THERE'RE SOME OF THEM NOW! SAY, YOU BAND BOYS!
FAIRVIEW HOTEL
EVER SEE THIS FELLA BEFORE?
IT-IT'S LUCIEN DENNIS! VIOLINIST IN THE BAND!
WHO-WHO DID IT?
THAT'S WHAT **WE** WANT TO KNOW! EVER SEEN THIS TRUNK BEFORE?
I'M NED NESTOR, BAND LEADER---I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!
NEITHER HAVE I!
NOT I!
IT STAYS CLOSED, SHERIFF, UNTIL YOU NOTIFY THE MEDICAL EXAMINER!
HI, POP! WHAT ARE THEY DOING WITH YOUR TRUNK?
YOUR TRUNK?
3

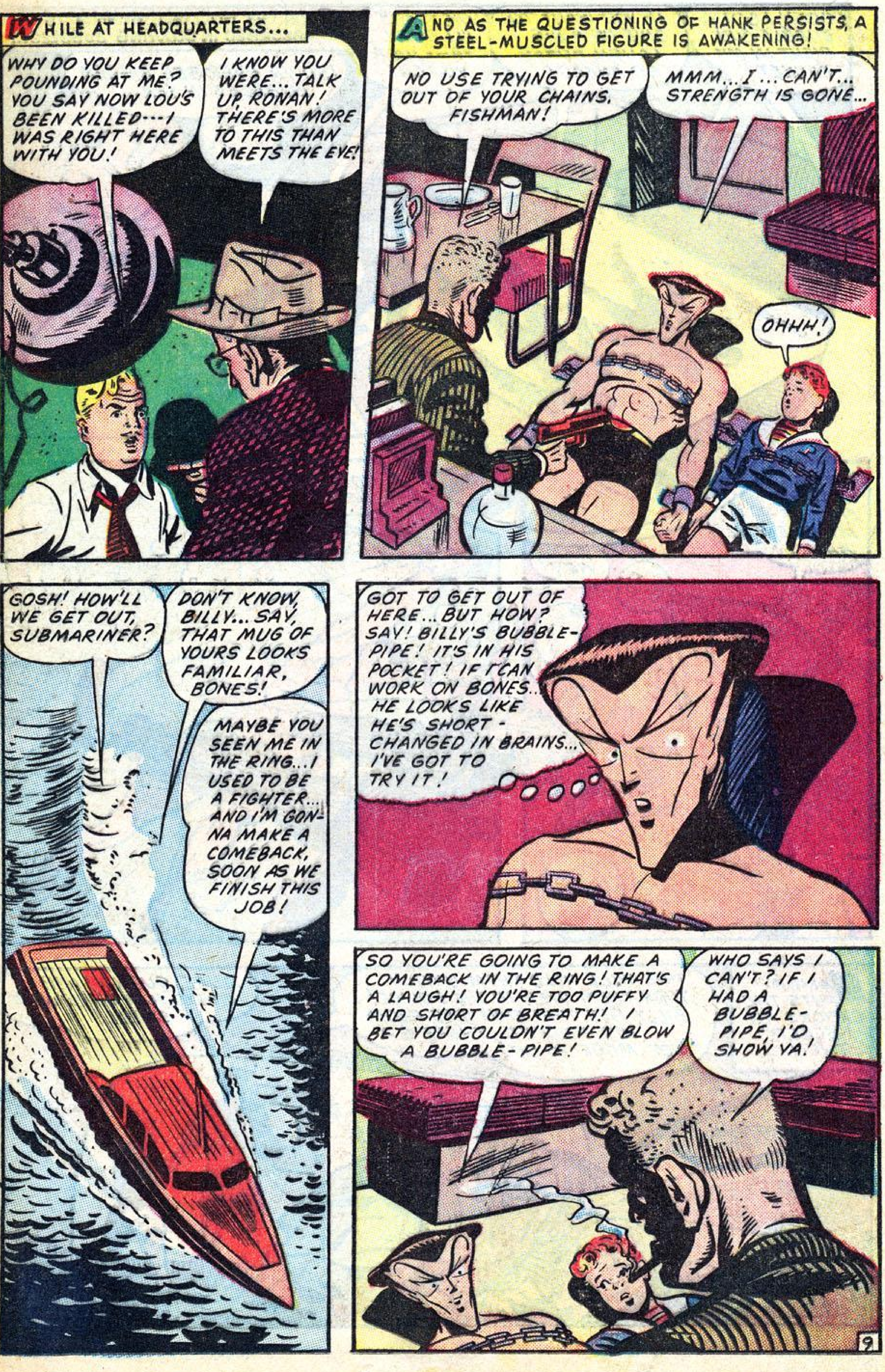

SO THAT'S YOUR POP'S TRUNK, SONNY? WELL, WELL!
YES, I WAS WITH HIM WHEN HE BOUGHT IT YESTERDAY!
BUT, SHERIFF...
I **DIDN'T** KILL LUCIEN DENNIS! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LIED ABOUT THE TRUNK... BUT I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD GET ME IN A JAM! I'M INNOCENT! I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE!
SO DENNIS HAS BEEN MURDERED! DID HANK TELL YOU THAT HE HATED DENNIS BECAUSE DENNIS JUST JOINED THE BAND TWO MONTHS AGO AND WAS ALREADY SOLO VIOLINIST? I HEARD HANK SAY HE'D DO ANYTHING TO GET RID OF DENNIS! OH, BY THE WAY, IF THE REPORTERS WANT PICTURES OF ME, I'M MARCELLINE MARSH, SINGER...
PUBLICITY HOUND, HUH? MMM, THE MURDER'S POINTING UP AT RONAN SO FAST--- MAYBE **TOO** FAST...
WELL, THERE'S THE MOTIVE! IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE--- COME ON, RONAN!
THEY TOOK MY POP!
NESTOR, DIDN'T **YOU** KNOW OF HANK'S FEUD WITH DENNIS?
YES, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO POINT SUSPICION ON ANYONE HERE... MY BAND HAS A GOOD NAME!
COME ON, GANG, WE'VE GOT TO REHEARSE!
IT'S ALL MY FAULT MY POP'S IN TROUBLE... SUB-MARINER, CAN'T YOU HELP HIM, PLEASE?
I'LL CERTAINLY TRY TO, SON!

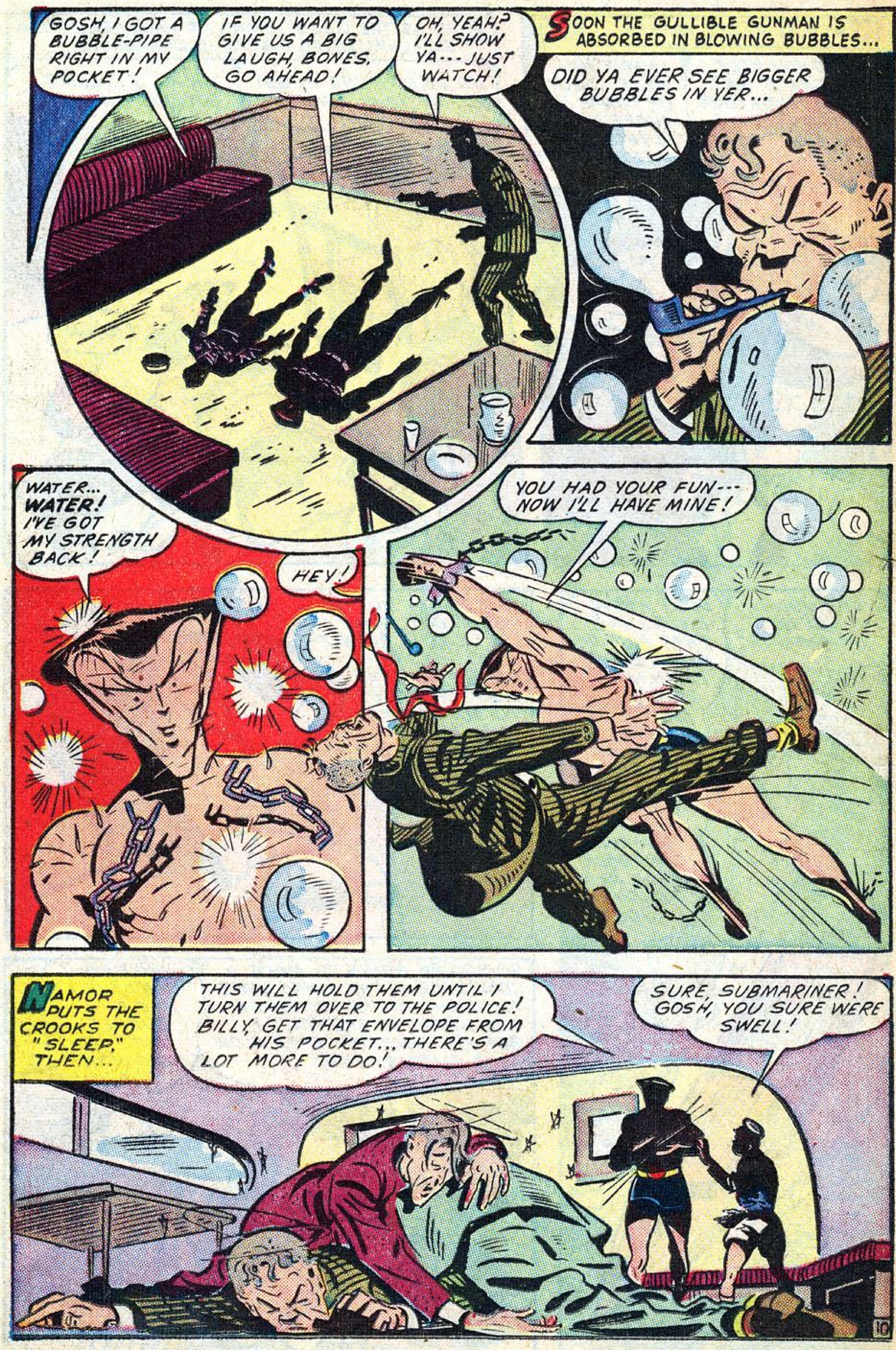

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE HOTEL ROOM OF THE MURDERED MAN...
I THOUGHT I MIGHT TURN UP A LEAD, BUT NOTHING'S HERE ...MMM... THIS BLANK PIECE OF STATIONERY...
WONDER HOW DENNIS GOT THIS... HE'S ONLY WITH THE BAND TWO MONTHS... I'LL PHONE BETTY AND HAVE HER CHECK FOR ME...
WOODLAND HOSPITAL RIVERSIDE NEW YORK
NOT LONG AFTER...
I GOT BETTY, SO THAT'S BEING TAKEN CARE OF! THINK I'LL WATCH THE BAND REHEARSE!
GIVE OUT, BOYS! "SHADOW SWING" AND MAKE IT SWEET!
SUBMARINER! LIKE IT? I WROTE "SHADOW SWING" FIVE YEARS AGO, AND IT'S STILL A HIT! LOU, NOT SO HEAVY ON THE DRUMS!
I WANT TO ATTRACT SUB-MARINER'S ATTENTION... HE'S LOOKING MY WAY NOW!
SUDDENLY, NAMOR BECOMES AWARE THAT THE DRUMMER IS BEATING OUT MORE THAN RHYTHM!
TUMBLING TUNA! THAT DRUMMER'S GIVING OUT IN MORSE CODE! IT'S A MESSAGE..."JUST FOUND IMPORTANT INFORMATION ON DENNIS' MURDER... THE MURDERER IS"...
BANG! BANG!
CREEPING CATFISH! HE'S BEEN SHOT!

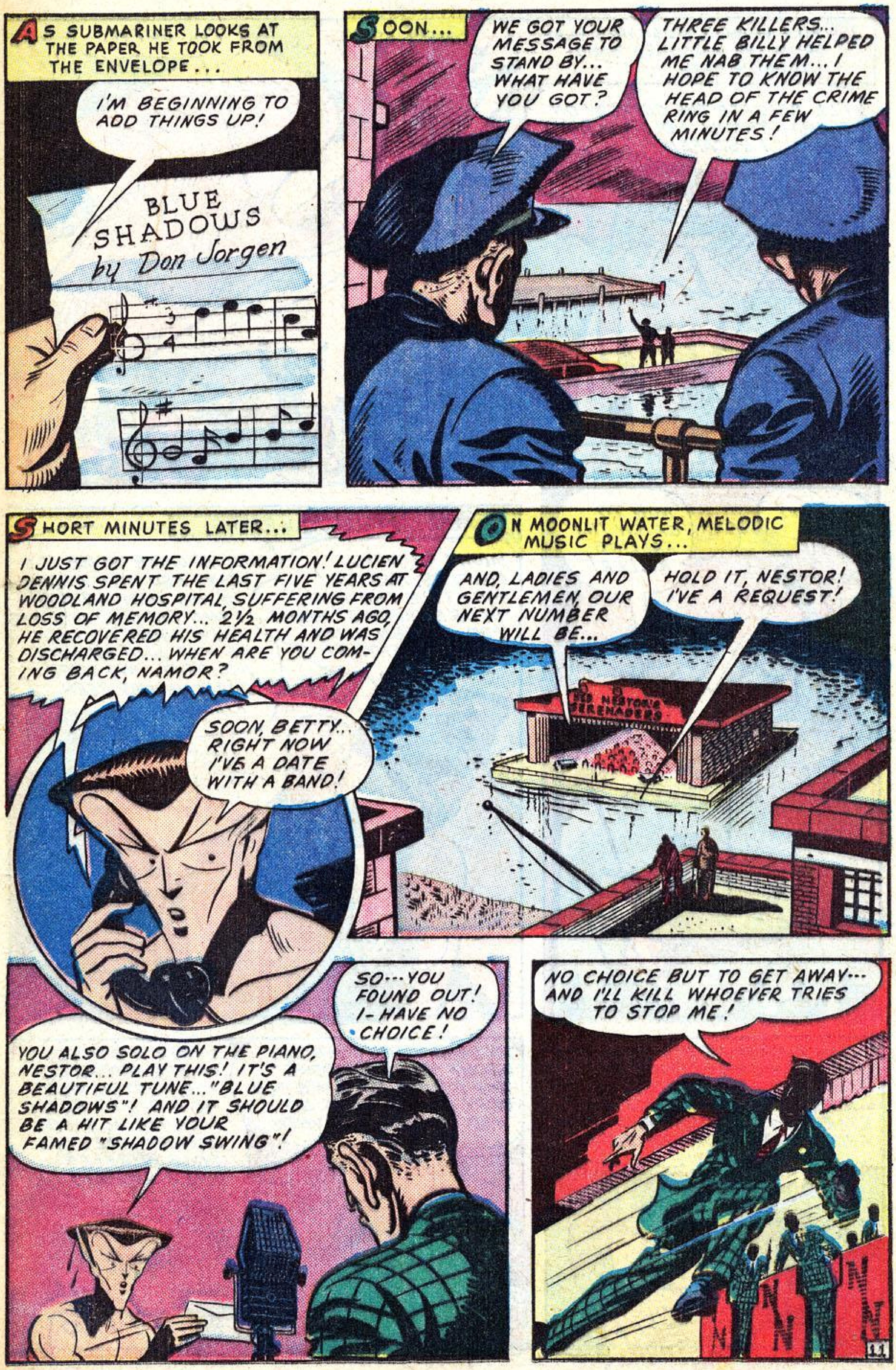

LIKE A BURST OF ATOMIC ENERGY, THE AMAZINGLY FAST NAMOR REACHES THE PLATFORM!
I SWAM AROUND THE BACK...THAT'S THE DIRECTION THE SHOTS CAME FROM! OH-OH! THERE THEY ARE!
THIS'LL STOP YOU FOR AWHILE!
THAT'S WHERE HE'S WRONG!
THE NEXT MOMENT...
DIS HARP'LL PUT FISH-FACE WITH THE ANGELS...LET'S SCRAM!
SOON AFTER, THE SEA-PRINCE RECOVERS...
THEY GOT AWAY... I'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DRUMMER!
WE BROUGHT THE FLOAT IN... LOU'S STILL ALIVE... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
I SPOTTED THE KILLERS, BUT THEY GOT AWAY... LET ME AT LOU!
NED NESTOR'S SERENADERS
LOOK UNDER THE (GASP) ROSES, (GASP) ROSES, (GASP)
I THINK IT'S ALL OVER WITH HIM!


"LOOK UNDER THE ROSES"... WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT? FIRST I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME ROSES!
ROSES? ONLY ONES AROUND HERE ARE THE KIND SOLD IN THE FLORIST SHOP... BUT IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR PEACHES...
I'M STICKING TO ROSES... I'LL TRY LOU'S ROOM...
A FIRST GLANCE AT THE DEAD MAN'S QUARTERS IS SADLY DIS-APPOINTING--- BUT A SECOND GLANCE!
NOT MUCH OF A ROOM, AND CERTAINLY NO ROSES HERE... NO USE WASTING ANY MORE TIME ON... THAT DESIGN ON THE DESK! **A ROSE PATTERN!**
WHAT DO YOU KNOW? I PRESSED A SMALL KNOB ON THE SIDE OF THE DESK, AND PRESTO... THIS DRAWER OPENED... THAT MUST BE WHAT LOU MEANT... AND THAT ENVELOPE!
IT'S YELLOWED, FRINGED AROUND THE EDGES... PROBABLY BEEN HERE A GOOD WHILE... NOW TO OPEN IT... AND... AND...
SO WISE BIRD'S FOUND SOME-THING--- BUT NOT FOR LONG!


AN INSTANT LATER...
YOUR SHADOW ON THE FLOOR GAVE YOU AWAY... AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO TALK!
BILLY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I SAW YOU GO IN, THEN I SAW THOSE TWO MEN FOLLOW YOU... GOSH, YOU CAUGHT THEM! THE SHERIFF'LL LET MY POP GO NOW, WON'T HE?
BUT SUDDENLY...
YOUR POP STAYS WHERE HE IS, KID, AND FISH-FACE STANDS WHERE HE IS, OR DERE'LL BE ONE KID LESS IN DE WORLD!
DON'T WORRY... I'M NOT TAKING A CHANCE OF HAVING THAT BOY SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD! WHAT NOW? WHAT'S NEXT ON YOUR CRIME PROGRAM?
LUCKY I PUT THIS CHLOROFORM IN A METAL BOTTLE... IT AIN'T BROKE!
MAKE SURE THEY BOTH GET SOME, BONES! WE WANT 'EM QUIET--- AND TAKE DAT ENVELOPE!
MOMENTS AFTER...
THEY'RE STILL OUT!
PUT 'EM IN DE HOLD, BONES, AND GIMME DAT ENVELOPE!


WHILE AT HEADQUARTERS...
WHY DO YOU KEEP POUNDING AT ME? YOU SAY NOW LOU'S BEEN KILLED---I WAS RIGHT HERE WITH YOU!
I KNOW YOU WERE... TALK UP, RONAN! THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE!
AND AS THE QUESTIONING OF HANK PERSISTS, A STEEL-MUSCLED FIGURE IS AWAKENING!
NO USE TRYING TO GET OUT OF YOUR CHAINS, FISHMAN!
MMM... I... CAN'T... STRENGTH IS GONE...
OHHH!
GOSH! HOW'LL WE GET OUT, SUBMARINER?
DON'T KNOW, BILLY... SAY, THAT MUG OF YOURS LOOKS FAMILIAR, BONES!
MAYBE YOU SEEN ME IN THE RING... I USED TO BE A FIGHTER... AND I'M GONNA MAKE A COMEBACK, SOON AS WE FINISH THIS JOB!
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... BUT HOW? SAY! BILLY'S BUBBLE-PIPE! IT'S IN HIS POCKET! IF I CAN WORK ON BONES... HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S SHORT-CHANGED IN BRAINS... I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!
SO YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A COMEBACK IN THE RING! THAT'S A LAUGH! YOU'RE TOO PUFFY AND SHORT OF BREATH! I BET YOU COULDN'T EVEN BLOW A BUBBLE-PIPE!
WHO SAYS I CAN'T? IF I HAD A BUBBLE-PIPE, I'D SHOW YA!


GOSH, I GOT A BUBBLE-PIPE RIGHT IN MY POCKET!
IF YOU WANT TO GIVE US A BIG LAUGH, BONES, GO AHEAD!
OH, YEAH? I'LL SHOW YA--- JUST WATCH!
SOON THE GULLIBLE GUNMAN IS ABSORBED IN BLOWING BUBBLES...
DID YA EVER SEE BIGGER BUBBLES IN YER...
WATER... **WATER!** I'VE GOT MY STRENGTH BACK!
HEY!
YOU HAD YOUR FUN--- NOW I'LL HAVE MINE!
NAMOR PUTS THE CROOKS TO "SLEEP," THEN...
THIS WILL HOLD THEM UNTIL I TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE! BILLY, GET THAT ENVELOPE FROM HIS POCKET... THERE'S A LOT MORE TO DO!
SURE, SUBMARINER! GOSH, YOU SURE WERE SWELL!


AS SUBMARINER LOOKS AT THE PAPER HE TOOK FROM THE ENVELOPE...
I'M BEGINNING TO ADD THINGS UP!
BLUE SHADOWS by Don Jorgen
SOON...
WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE TO STAND BY... WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?
THREE KILLERS... LITTLE BILLY HELPED ME NAB THEM... I HOPE TO KNOW THE HEAD OF THE CRIME RING IN A FEW MINUTES!
SHORT MINUTES LATER...
I JUST GOT THE INFORMATION! LUCIEN DENNIS SPENT THE LAST FIVE YEARS AT WOODLAND HOSPITAL, SUFFERING FROM LOSS OF MEMORY... 2½ MONTHS AGO, HE RECOVERED HIS HEALTH AND WAS DISCHARGED... WHEN ARE YOU COMING BACK, NAMOR?
SOON, BETTY... RIGHT NOW I'VE A DATE WITH A BAND!
ON MOONLIT WATER, MELODIC MUSIC PLAYS...
AND, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OUR NEXT NUMBER WILL BE...
HOLD IT, NESTOR! I'VE A REQUEST!
RED NESTOR'S SERENADERS
YOU ALSO SOLO ON THE PIANO, NESTOR... PLAY THIS! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL TUNE... "BLUE SHADOWS"! AND IT SHOULD BE A HIT LIKE YOUR FAMED "SHADOW SWING"!
SO--- YOU FOUND OUT! I- HAVE NO CHOICE!
NO CHOICE BUT TO GET AWAY--- AND I'LL KILL WHOEVER TRIES TO STOP ME!
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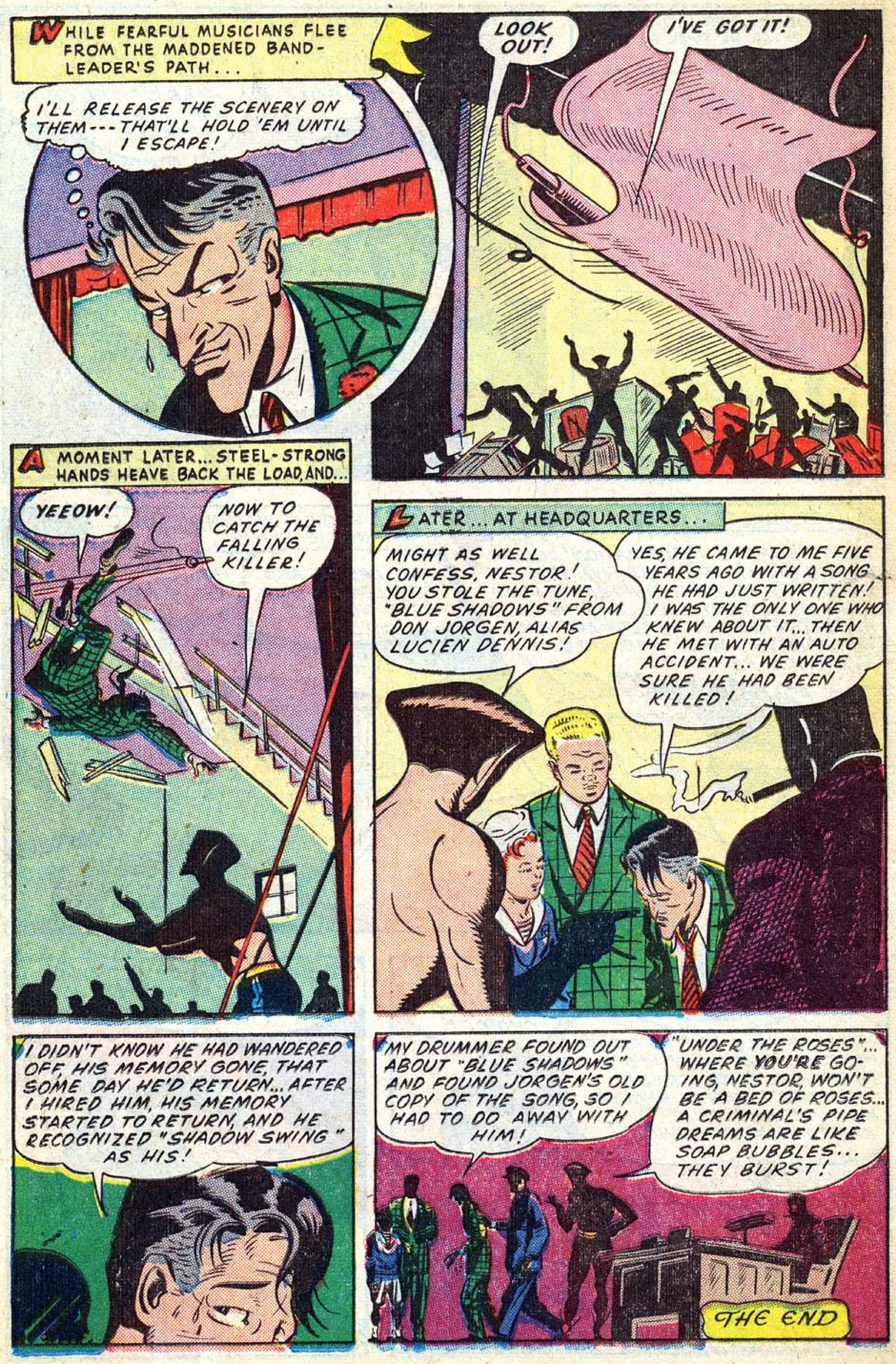
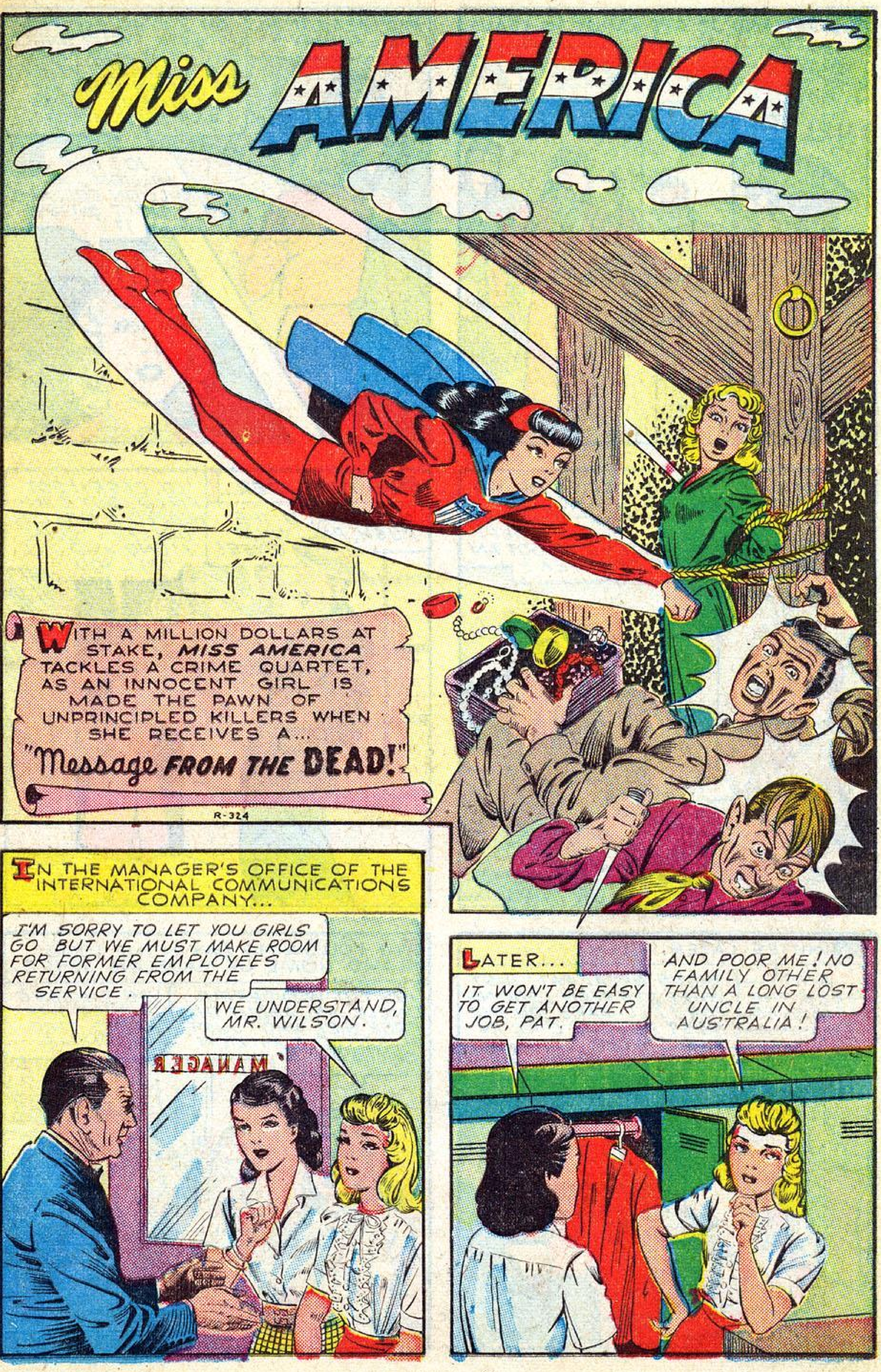
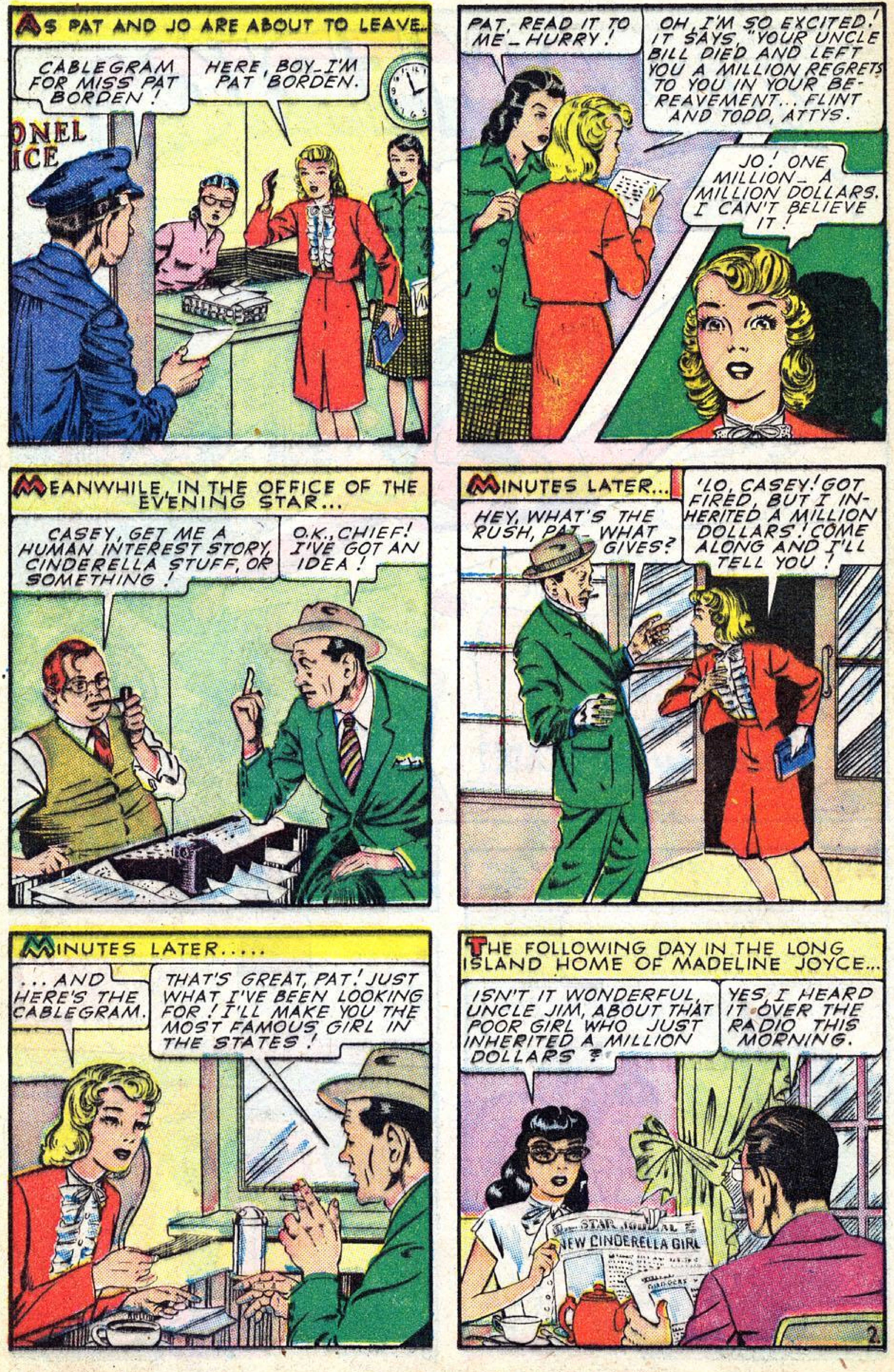
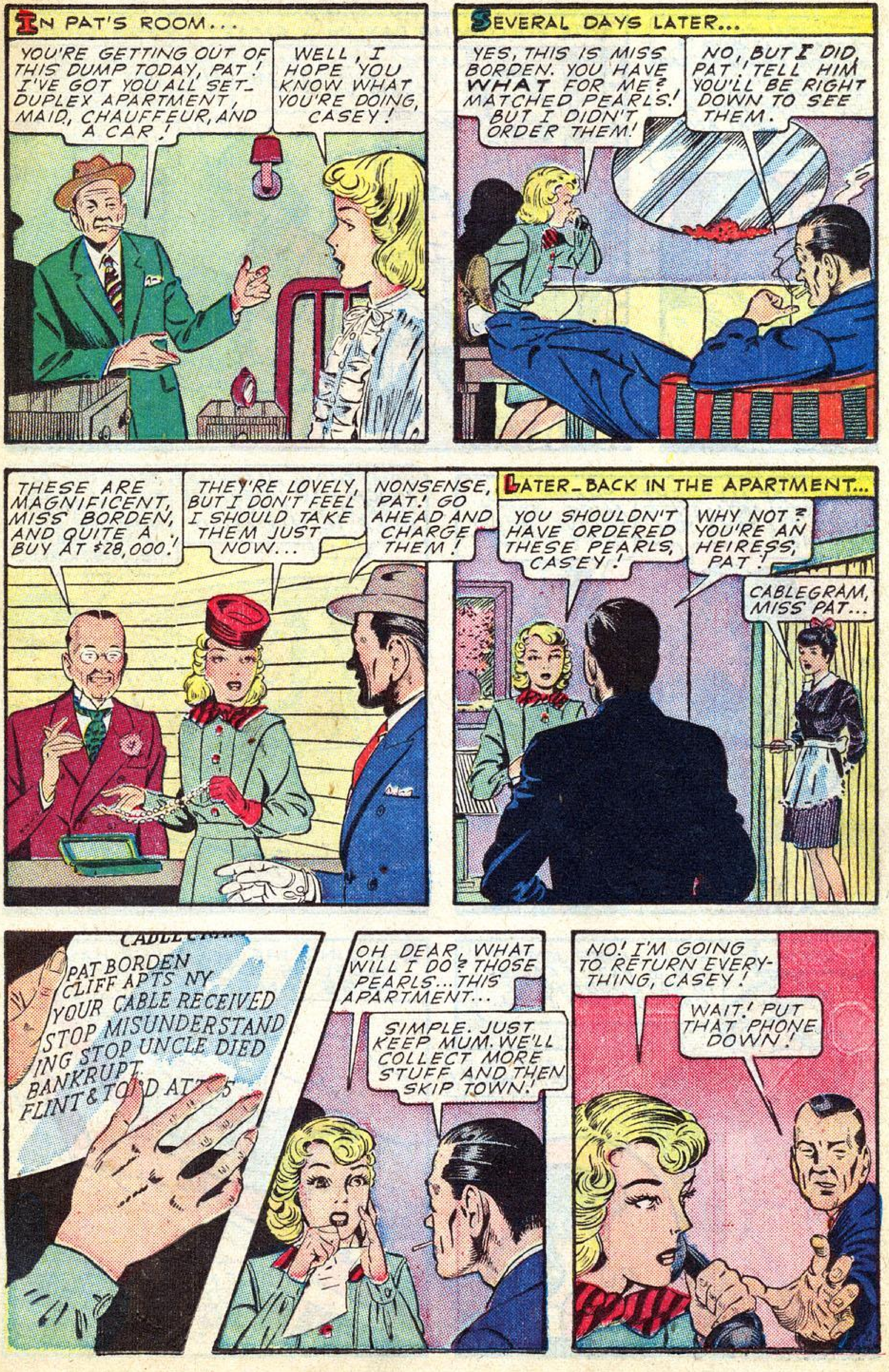
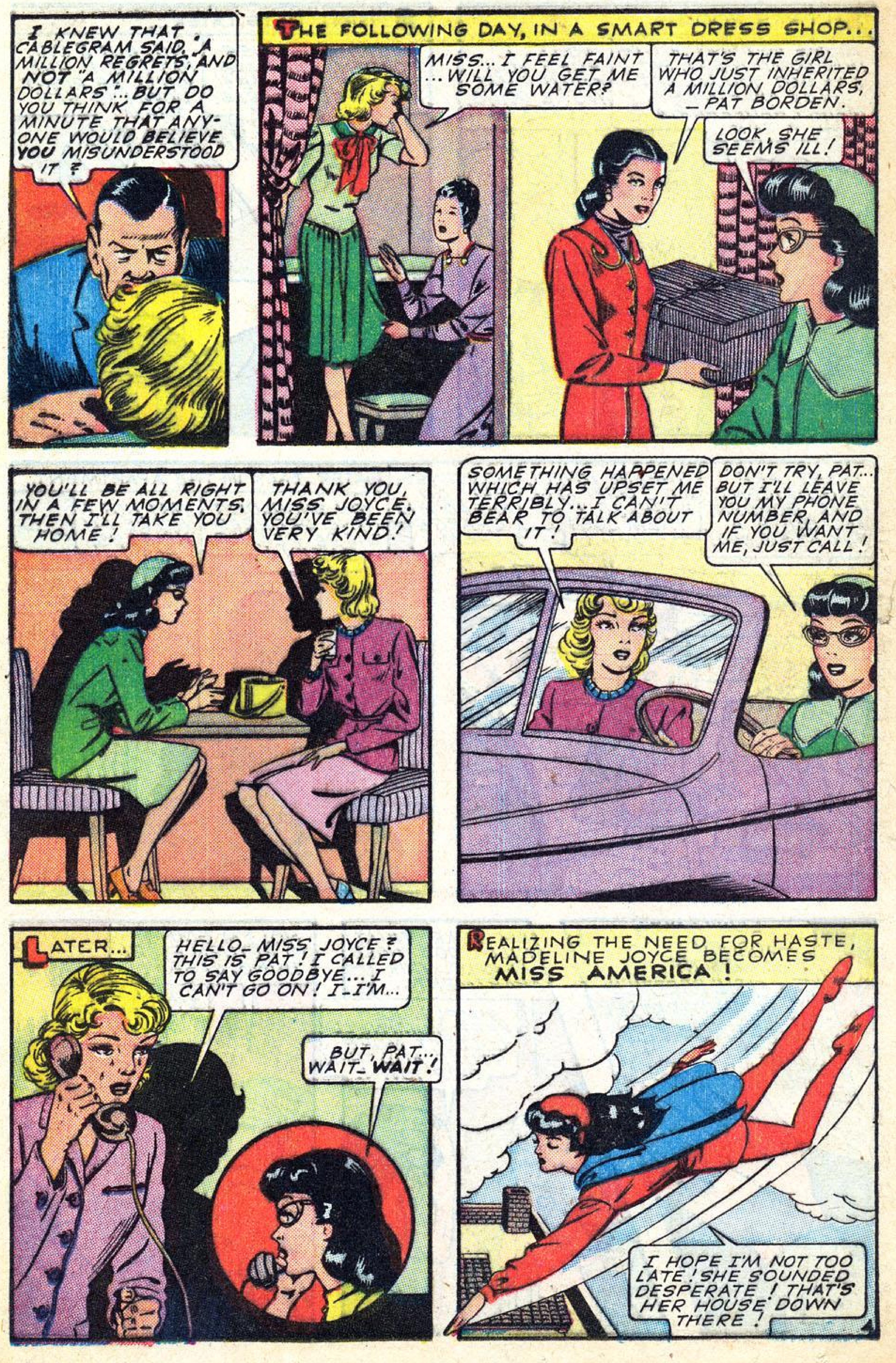
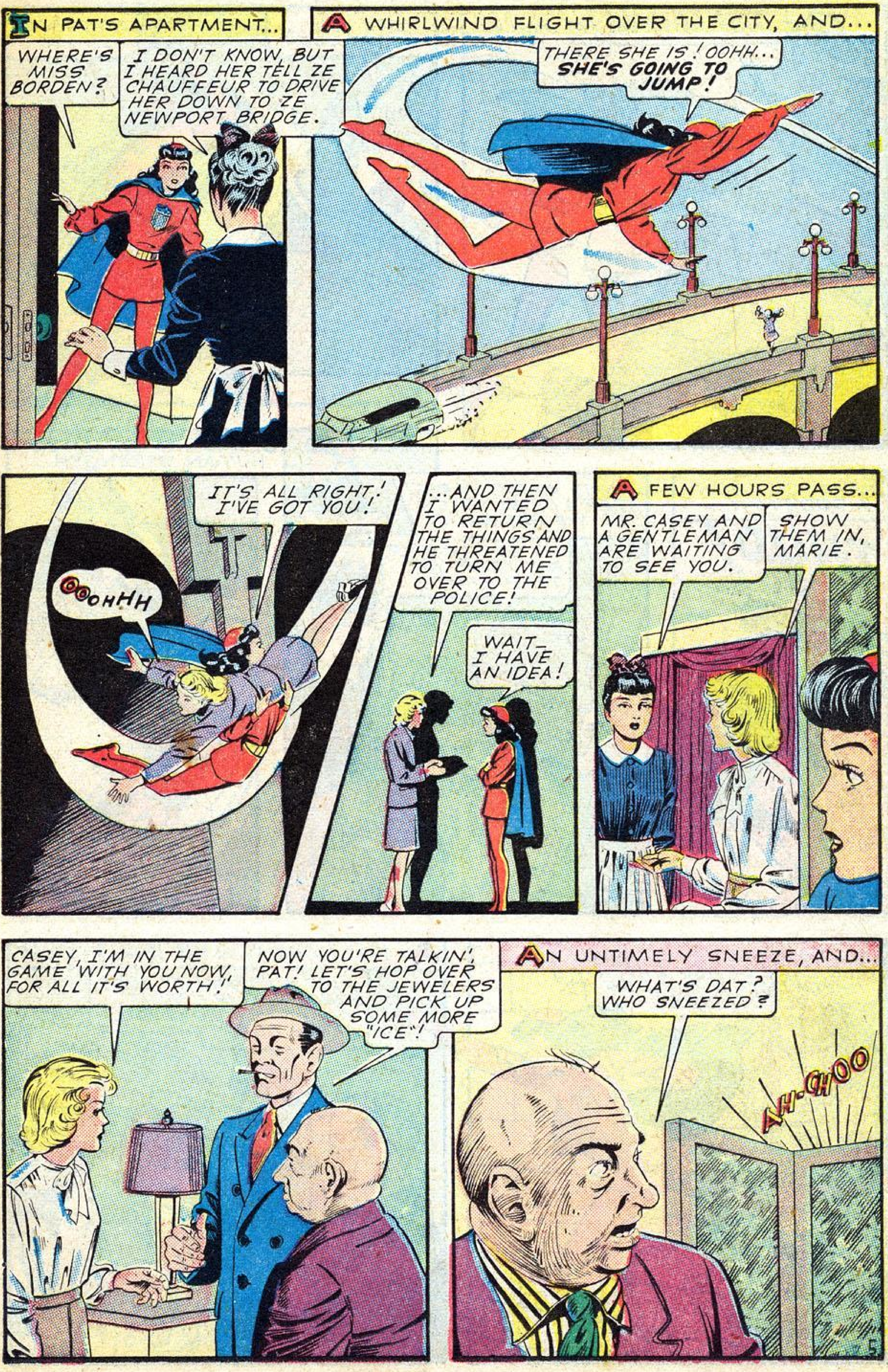

WHILE FEARFUL MUSICIANS FLEE FROM THE MADDENED BAND-LEADER'S PATH...
I'LL RELEASE THE SCENERY ON THEM---THAT'LL HOLD 'EM UNTIL I ESCAPE!
LOOK OUT!
I'VE GOT IT!
A MOMENT LATER... STEEL-STRONG HANDS HEAVE BACK THE LOAD, AND...
YEEOW!
NOW TO CATCH THE FALLING KILLER!
LATER... AT HEADQUARTERS...
MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS, NESTOR! YOU STOLE THE TUNE, "BLUE SHADOWS" FROM DON JORGEN, ALIAS LUCIEN DENNIS!
YES, HE CAME TO ME FIVE YEARS AGO WITH A SONG HE HAD JUST WRITTEN! I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW ABOUT IT... THEN HE MET WITH AN AUTO ACCIDENT... WE WERE SURE HE HAD BEEN KILLED!
I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD WANDERED OFF, HIS MEMORY GONE, THAT SOME DAY HE'D RETURN... AFTER I HIRED HIM, HIS MEMORY STARTED TO RETURN, AND HE RECOGNIZED "SHADOW SWING" AS HIS!
MY DRUMMER FOUND OUT ABOUT "BLUE SHADOWS" AND FOUND JORGEN'S OLD COPY OF THE SONG, SO I HAD TO DO AWAY WITH HIM!
"UNDER THE ROSES"... WHERE YOU'RE GOING, NESTOR, WON'T BE A BED OF ROSES... A CRIMINAL'S PIPE DREAMS ARE LIKE SOAP BUBBLES... THEY BURST!
THE END

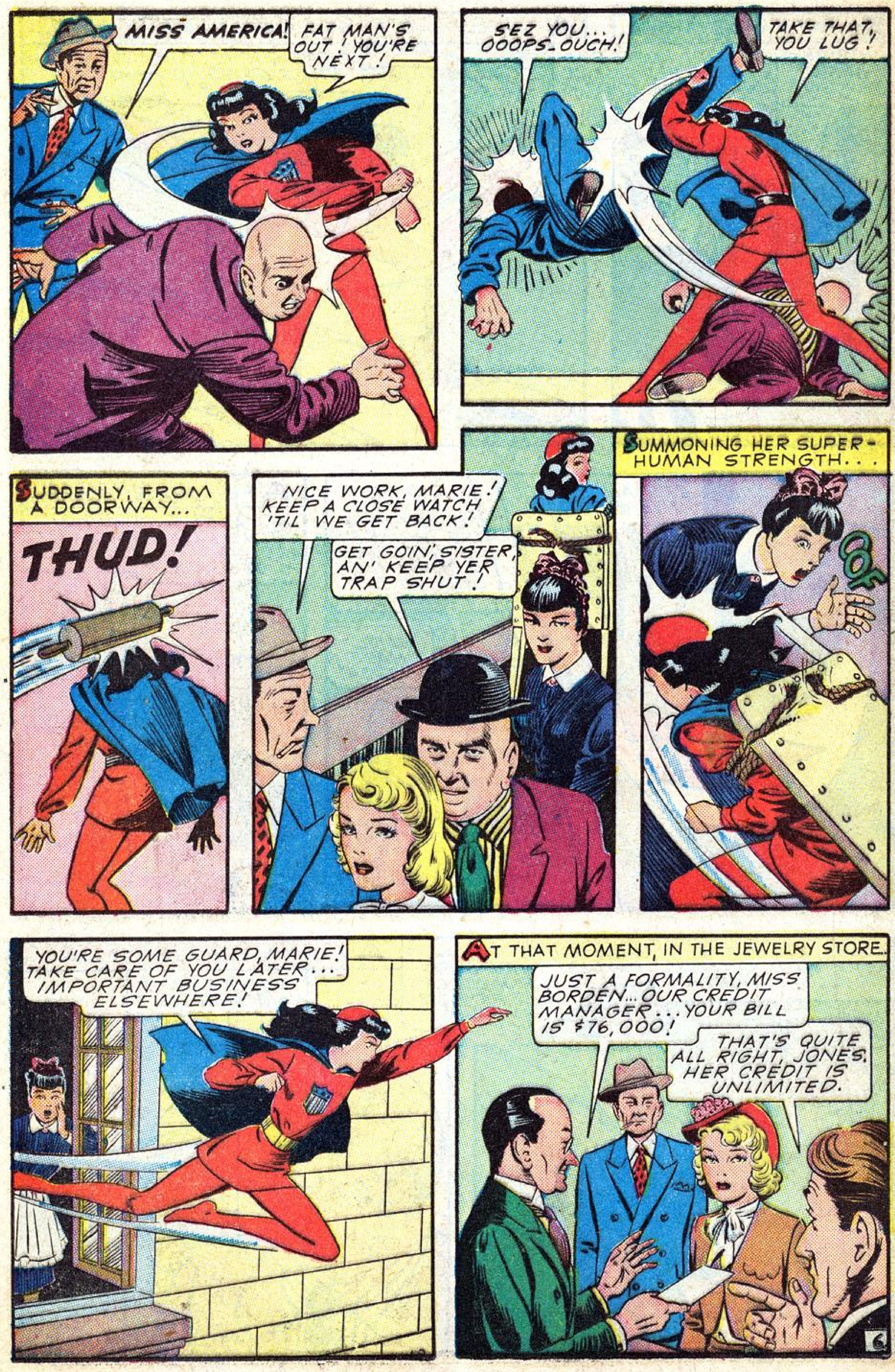

Miss AMERICA
WITH A MILLION DOLLARS AT STAKE, MISS AMERICA TACKLES A CRIME QUARTET, AS AN INNOCENT GIRL IS MADE THE PAWN OF UNPRINCIPLED KILLERS WHEN SHE RECEIVES A...
"Message FROM THE DEAD!"
R-324
IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY...
I'M SORRY TO LET YOU GIRLS GO. BUT WE MUST MAKE ROOM FOR FORMER EMPLOYEES RETURNING FROM THE SERVICE.
WE UNDERSTAND, MR. WILSON.
MANAGER
LATER...
IT WON'T BE EASY TO GET ANOTHER JOB, PAT.
AND POOR ME! NO FAMILY OTHER THAN A LONG LOST UNCLE IN AUSTRALIA!

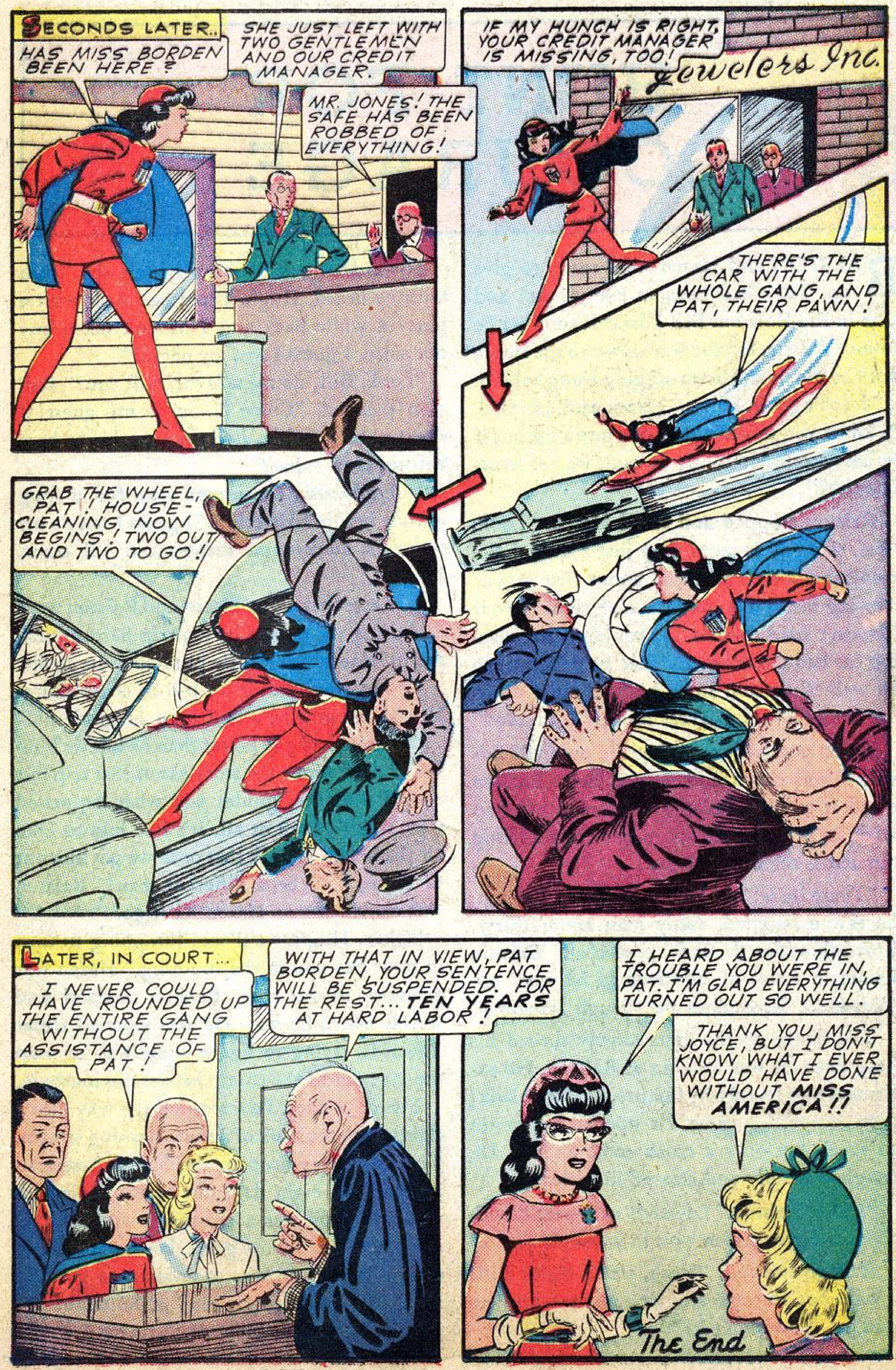

AS PAT AND JO ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE..
CABLEGRAM FOR MISS PAT BORDEN!
HERE, BOY—I'M PAT BORDEN.
ONEL
ICE
PAT, READ IT TO ME—HURRY!
OH, I'M SO EXCITED! IT SAYS, "YOUR UNCLE BILL DIED AND LEFT YOU A MILLION REGRETS TO YOU IN YOUR BEREAVEMENT... FLINT AND TODD, ATTYS.
JO! ONE MILLION—A MILLION DOLLARS. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE EVENING STAR...
CASEY, GET ME A HUMAN INTEREST STORY, CINDERELLA STUFF, OR SOMETHING!
O.K., CHIEF! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
MINUTES LATER...
HEY, WHAT'S THE RUSH, PAT—WHAT GIVES?
'LO, CASEY! GOT FIRED, BUT I INHERITED A MILLION DOLLARS! COME ALONG AND I'LL TELL YOU!
MINUTES LATER.....
...AND HERE'S THE CABLEGRAM.
THAT'S GREAT, PAT! JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! I'LL MAKE YOU THE MOST FAMOUS GIRL IN THE STATES!
THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE LONG ISLAND HOME OF MADELINE JOYCE...
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, UNCLE JIM, ABOUT THAT POOR GIRL WHO JUST INHERITED A MILLION DOLLARS?
YES, I HEARD IT OVER THE RADIO THIS MORNING.
STAR JOURNAL
NEW CINDERELLA GIRL


IN PAT'S ROOM...
YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF THIS DUMP TODAY, PAT! I'VE GOT YOU ALL SET_ DUPLEX APARTMENT, MAID, CHAUFFEUR, AND A CAR!
WELL, I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, CASEY!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
YES, THIS IS MISS BORDEN. YOU HAVE WHAT FOR ME? MATCHED PEARLS! BUT I DIDN'T ORDER THEM!
NO, BUT I DID, PAT! TELL HIM YOU'LL BE RIGHT DOWN TO SEE THEM.
THESE ARE MAGNIFICENT, MISS BORDEN, AND QUITE A BUY AT $28,000!
THEY'RE LOVELY, BUT I DON'T FEEL I SHOULD TAKE THEM JUST NOW...
NONSENSE, PAT! GO AHEAD AND CHARGE THEM!
LATER_BACK IN THE APARTMENT...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ORDERED THESE PEARLS, CASEY!
WHY NOT? YOU'RE AN HEIRESS, PAT!
CABLEGRAM, MISS PAT...
CABLEGRAM
PAT BORDEN
CLIFF APTS NY
YOUR CABLE RECEIVED
STOP MISUNDERSTANDING STOP UNCLE DIED
BANKRUPT
FLINT & TODD ATTYS
OH DEAR, WHAT WILL I DO? THOSE PEARLS... THIS APARTMENT...
SIMPLE. JUST KEEP MUM. WE'LL COLLECT MORE STUFF AND THEN SKIP TOWN!
NO! I'M GOING TO RETURN EVERYTHING, CASEY!
WAIT! PUT THAT PHONE DOWN!


I KNEW THAT CABLEGRAM SAID, "A MILLION REGRETS," AND NOT "A MILLION DOLLARS"... BUT DO YOU THINK FOR A MINUTE THAT ANYONE WOULD BELIEVE YOU MISUNDERSTOOD IT ?
THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN A SMART DRESS SHOP...
MISS... I FEEL FAINT ...WILL YOU GET ME SOME WATER?
THAT'S THE GIRL WHO JUST INHERITED A MILLION DOLLARS, — PAT BORDEN.
LOOK, SHE SEEMS ILL !
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW MOMENTS. THEN I'LL TAKE YOU HOME !
THANK YOU, MISS JOYCE. YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND!
SOMETHING HAPPENED WHICH HAS UPSET ME TERRIBLY... I CAN'T BEAR TO TALK ABOUT IT !
DON'T TRY, PAT... BUT I'LL LEAVE YOU MY PHONE NUMBER, AND IF YOU WANT ME, JUST CALL !
LATER...
HELLO— MISS JOYCE ? THIS IS PAT ! I CALLED TO SAY GOODBYE... I CAN'T GO ON ! I—I'M...
BUT, PAT... WAIT— WAIT !
REALIZING THE NEED FOR HASTE, MADELINE JOYCE BECOMES MISS AMERICA !
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE ! SHE SOUNDED DESPERATE ! THAT'S HER HOUSE DOWN THERE !


IN PAT'S APARTMENT...
WHERE'S MISS BORDEN?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I HEARD HER TELL ZE CHAUFFEUR TO DRIVE HER DOWN TO ZE NEWPORT BRIDGE.
A WHIRLWIND FLIGHT OVER THE CITY, AND...
THERE SHE IS! OOHH... SHE'S GOING TO JUMP!
IT'S ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT YOU!
OOOHHH
...AND THEN I WANTED TO RETURN THE THINGS AND HE THREATENED TO TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE!
WAIT- I HAVE AN IDEA!
A FEW HOURS PASS...
MR. CASEY AND A GENTLEMAN ARE WAITING TO SEE YOU.
SHOW THEM IN, MARIE.
CASEY, I'M IN THE GAME WITH YOU NOW, FOR ALL IT'S WORTH!
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN', PAT! LET'S HOP OVER TO THE JEWELERS AND PICK UP SOME MORE "ICE"!
AN UNTIMELY SNEEZE, AND...
WHAT'S DAT? WHO SNEEZED?
AH-CHOO


MISS AMERICA!
FAT MAN'S OUT! YOU'RE NEXT!
SEZ YOU... OOOPS_OUCH!
TAKE THAT, YOU LUG!
SUDDENLY, FROM A DOORWAY...
THUD!
NICE WORK, MARIE! KEEP A CLOSE WATCH 'TIL WE GET BACK!
GET GOIN', SISTER, AN' KEEP YER TRAP SHUT!
SUMMONING HER SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH...
OOF
YOU'RE SOME GUARD, MARIE! TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER... IMPORTANT BUSINESS ELSEWHERE!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE JEWELRY STORE...
JUST A FORMALITY, MISS BORDEN... OUR CREDIT MANAGER... YOUR BILL IS $76,000!
THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, JONES. HER CREDIT IS UNLIMITED.


SECONDS LATER..
HAS MISS BORDEN BEEN HERE?
SHE JUST LEFT WITH TWO GENTLEMEN AND OUR CREDIT MANAGER.
MR. JONES! THE SAFE HAS BEEN ROBBED OF EVERYTHING!
IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, YOUR CREDIT MANAGER IS MISSING, TOO!
Jewelers Inc.
THERE'S THE CAR WITH THE WHOLE GANG, AND PAT, THEIR PAWN!
GRAB THE WHEEL, PAT! HOUSE-CLEANING NOW BEGINS! TWO OUT AND TWO TO GO!
LATER, IN COURT...
I NEVER COULD HAVE ROUNDED UP THE ENTIRE GANG WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF PAT!
WITH THAT IN VIEW, PAT BORDEN, YOUR SENTENCE WILL BE SUSPENDED. FOR THE REST... TEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR!
I HEARD ABOUT THE TROUBLE YOU WERE IN, PAT. I'M GLAD EVERYTHING TURNED OUT SO WELL.
THANK YOU, MISS JOYCE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I EVER WOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT MISS AMERICA!!
The End

HUNT FOR COURAGE

RALSTON and Hazen were ready to give up. They had been in every hotel and club in Rio Roja but Bill Edwards couldn't be found. Ralston led the way down to the single dock by the river, Hazen tagging along behind.

"I don't get it, Hugh," Hazen said, puzzled. "I know you talked about this guy a lot but if he isn't around to guide us, can't we get someone else?"

Ralston stopped and faced Hazen. "Look, Pete, this guy is more than just a guide! Remember when I told you about that jaguar clawing me? I'd be under a slab right now if it wasn't for Edwards. He couldn't fire when the cat had me down for fear he'd hit me, so he walked up and stuck his gun right down the cat's mouth! Bravest thing I ever saw!"

Hazen nodded, conceding the point. If Edwards was down and needed help, Ralston owed it to him Ralston quickened his step when he saw a lonely figure on a crate looking out across the broad river.

"There he is!" As Hazen followed Ralston, he saw a bearded, seedy man about thirty, broad-shouldered and powerful. Ralston halted in front of Edwards as he went on. "Edwards! Remember me, Hugh Ralston?"

The figure on the crate slowly turned his head until he was looking at Ralston. He examined him feature by feature, his face blank; then recognition came. He opened his mouth to speak but only a croak came at first. He coughed weakly and cleared his throat.

"Hello, Ralston." Edwards' eyes were bloodshot. "I haven't seen you in a couple years."

Ralston nodded. "Yeah, that's right, Bill! I want you to come along on a trip with Pete and me. How about it?"

Edwards shook his head hopelessly. "Yuh must've heard, Hugh. I had bad luck with a party a while back and I haven't taken any out since. I guess I lost my nerve!"

"Look, Bill, do me a favor, will you?" Ralston pleaded. "Come along as my guest! I don't need a guide. I've been on hunts here before! How's that?"

Bill Edwards considered that for a long minute before answering. "I guess I can do my share as flunky and dishwasher. I'll come, Hugh!"

. . . Later that night, Hazen and Ralston were discussing the details of the trip before turning in. Hazen was a little puzzled as he spoke.

"What good will it do Bill to come along, Hugh? He says he won't hunt or guide us!"

"I know that guy better than he knows himself. I don't know the story about that trip but one of the other guides said what happened wasn't Bill's fault at all. It's like him to take all the blame. I think that once we get him out of town, he'll be a different man!" Ralston was convincing so Hazen let it go.

"Okay, Hugh, we'll see! I'm going to turn in now. See you in the morning." Hazen was yawning as he rose. Ralston nodded and stayed where he was. He was worried about Edwards, trying to figure some way to snap the man out of the slump he was obviously in.

Ten days later, Edwards led the way into a clearing on the bank of a swift running stream. The party was deep in the South American jungle now, eight days out of Rio Roja. Edwards already was a changed man, his eyes clear and the slump gone. Hazen could see now why Ralston was so anxious to get him along on the trip. He was at home in the jungle; it was his element.

Edwards surveyed the clearing carefully before he swung down from his horse, the others doing the same.

"This'll do, Hugh." Edwards' voice was changed too. He was sure and positive when he spoke, the old hesitancy gone.

"This is fine, Bill!" Ralston began unloading the tent and other equipment immediately. "Let's get set up and then see if we can find some game!"

The camp was in order an hour later, tents pitched, brush cleared away and the three men were assembling their rifles. Ralston finished first and walked over to Edwards, loading as he went. Bill finished his and worked the bolt a couple of times as a check.

"Want to take a walk, Bill? Pete?" Edwards nodded and stood up but Hazen wasn't finished assembling his piece. He stuffed the parts in the waterproof bag and strolled over.

"I'll finish mine later! I'll take a walk with you now and get acquainted." The trio followed a game trail leading out of the clearing, Ralston taking the lead. Hazen was in the middle and Edwards brought up the rear.

The jungle pressed in on every side, thick, impenetrable. Edwards searched every tree for game as he trailed along, scanned each thicket he passed. Ralston, in the lead, walked quickly and confidently, making no effort to be quiet.

They had gone about a quarter of a mile from camp when Ralston halted and held up a hand for quiet. He had his gun to his shoulder before Bill came alongside, gun ready.

They were on the edge of a clearing and Bill froze when he saw what Ralston was aiming at. It was a herd of pigs, wild pigs. It was the South American variety, the peccary, big lean animals with razor-like feet and long wicked tusks. One peccary could cut and slash any animal in the forest but a herd of peccaries was the most fearsome thing in the jungle. Edwards put a hand out to Ralston, but before he could stop him the rifle spoke!

One of the peccaries gave a squeal of rage and pain, his little red eyes quickly focusing on the three men on the edge of the clearing. He broke into a shambling run, the rest of the herd seeming to drift with him.

Hazen, who was seeing a peccary herd in motion for the first time, blinked unbelievingly when he saw the speed of the herd. That shambling run covered a lot of ground fast.

Edwards had his gun at his shoulder and squeezed the trigger slowly. The peccary in the lead swerved and dropped. Ralston was right with him and as he fired, the second peccary dropped. Hazen was watching two superb hunters exhibit the coolest courage and skill he'd ever seen.

Eight peccaries had started that charge across the clearing. Six lay still on the ground and the two rifles spoke together to account for the last two right at the feet of the trio. Ralston turned to Bill, a big smile on his tanned face.

"Nice work, Bill!" He had *enjoyed* it. Edwards was equally happy as he smiled back. Hazen wiped his brow with a trembling hand. It had been tougher for him to stand by and watch those gleaming tusks getting closer.

"I never saw you do anything stupid before, Hugh!" Edwards was serious for a moment. "It wouldn't have been so bad if you killed him with the *first* shot! You know how dangerous a wounded peccary is!"

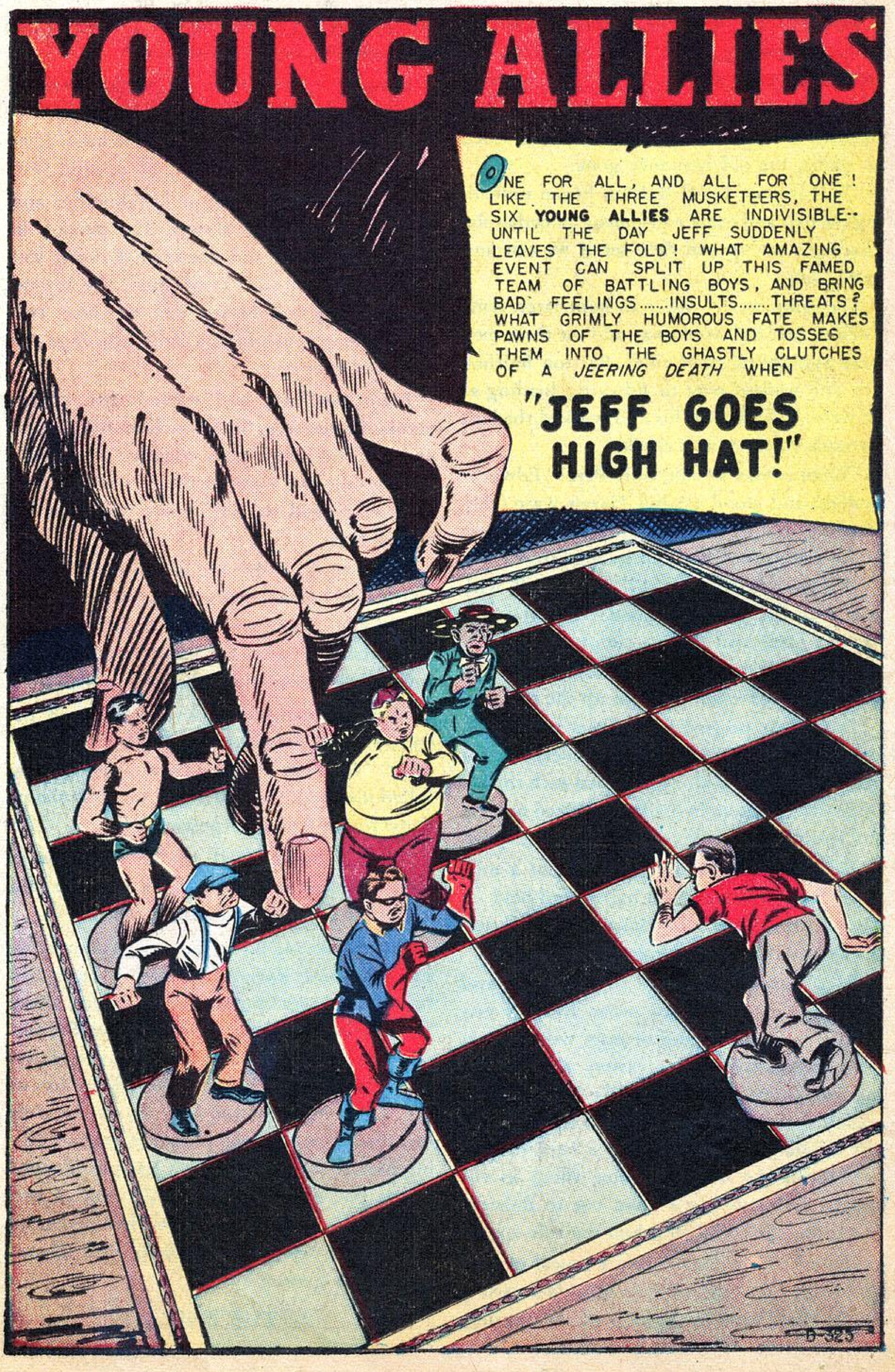
"Yeh, I know, Bill! I'll be careful next time." Ralston stopped smiling when he said it, but the apology had a false note.

The trio swung down the trail back to camp, Edwards and Ralston chattering back and forth. Hazen was puzzled as he trailed along behind. He had been *right behind* Ralston when he brought the gun up to fire, and Hazen would swear that Ralston shifted his aim at the last minute, almost as if he *deliberately* intended to wound the porker instead of killing him. It looked as though Ralston *planned* it just the way it happened. Anyway, it certainly proved that Edwards *still* had his nerve. Perhaps it *had* been planned. Pete Hazen guessed he'd never know!

THE END

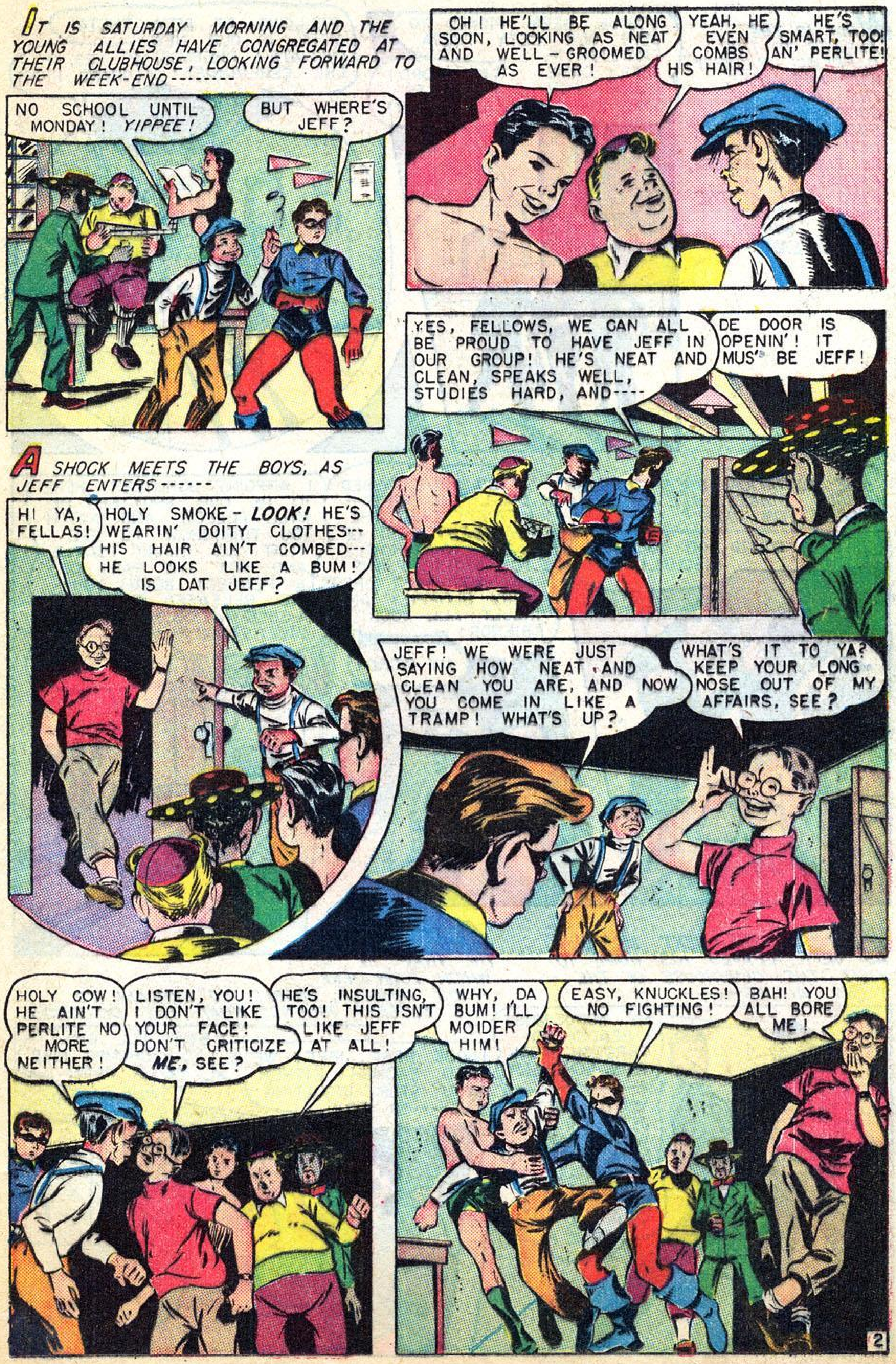
SL-517

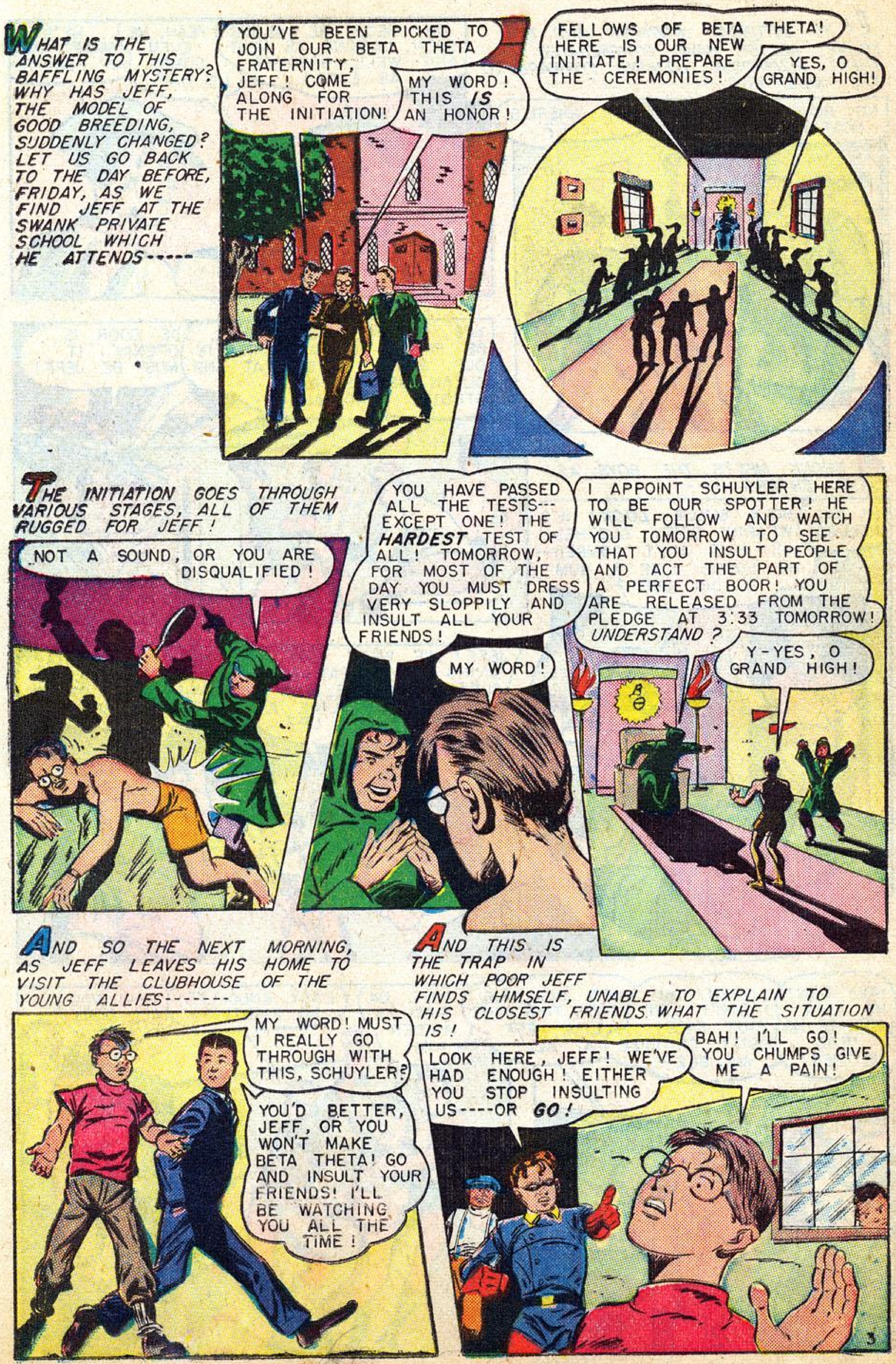
YOUNG ALLIES

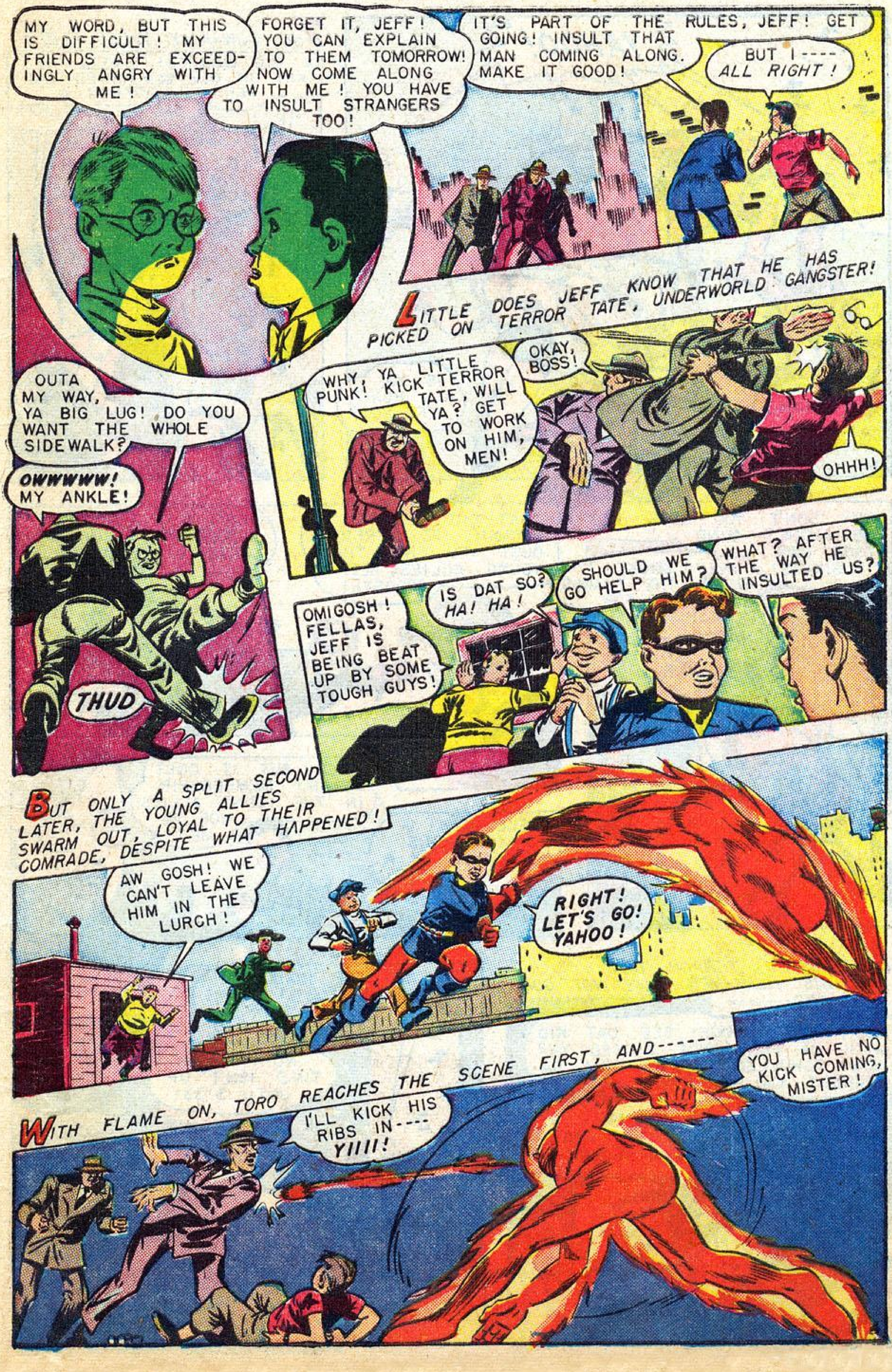


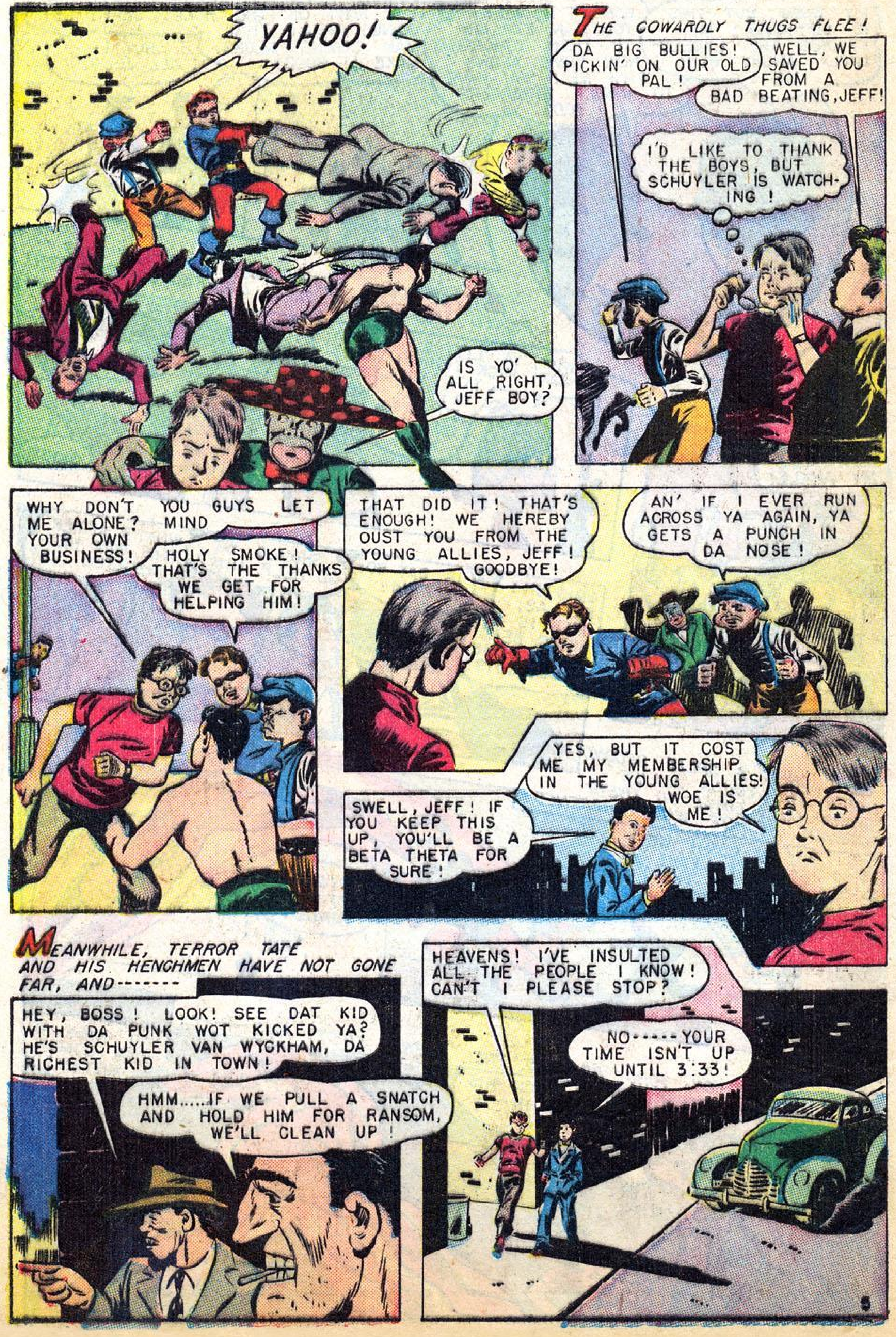
ONE FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR ONE! LIKE THE THREE MUSKETEERS, THE SIX **YOUNG ALLIES** ARE INDIVISIBLE-- UNTIL THE DAY JEFF SUDDENLY LEAVES THE FOLD! WHAT AMAZING EVENT CAN SPLIT UP THIS FAMED TEAM OF BATTLING BOYS, AND BRING BAD FEELINGS.......INSULTS.......THREATS? WHAT GRIMLY HUMOROUS FATE MAKES PAWNS OF THE BOYS AND TOSSES THEM INTO THE GHASTLY CLUTCHES OF A *JEERING DEATH* WHEN

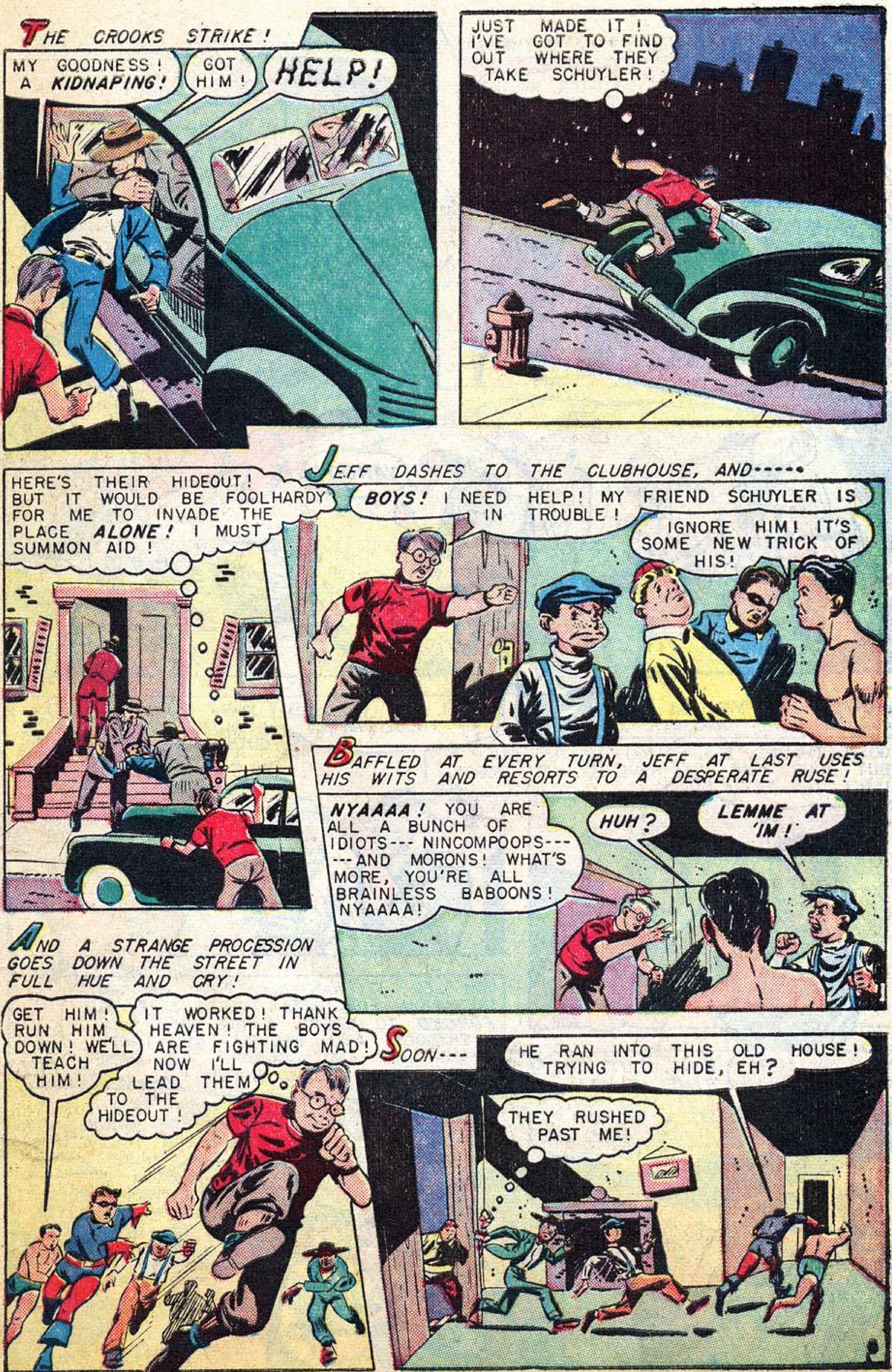
"JEFF GOES HIGH HAT!"

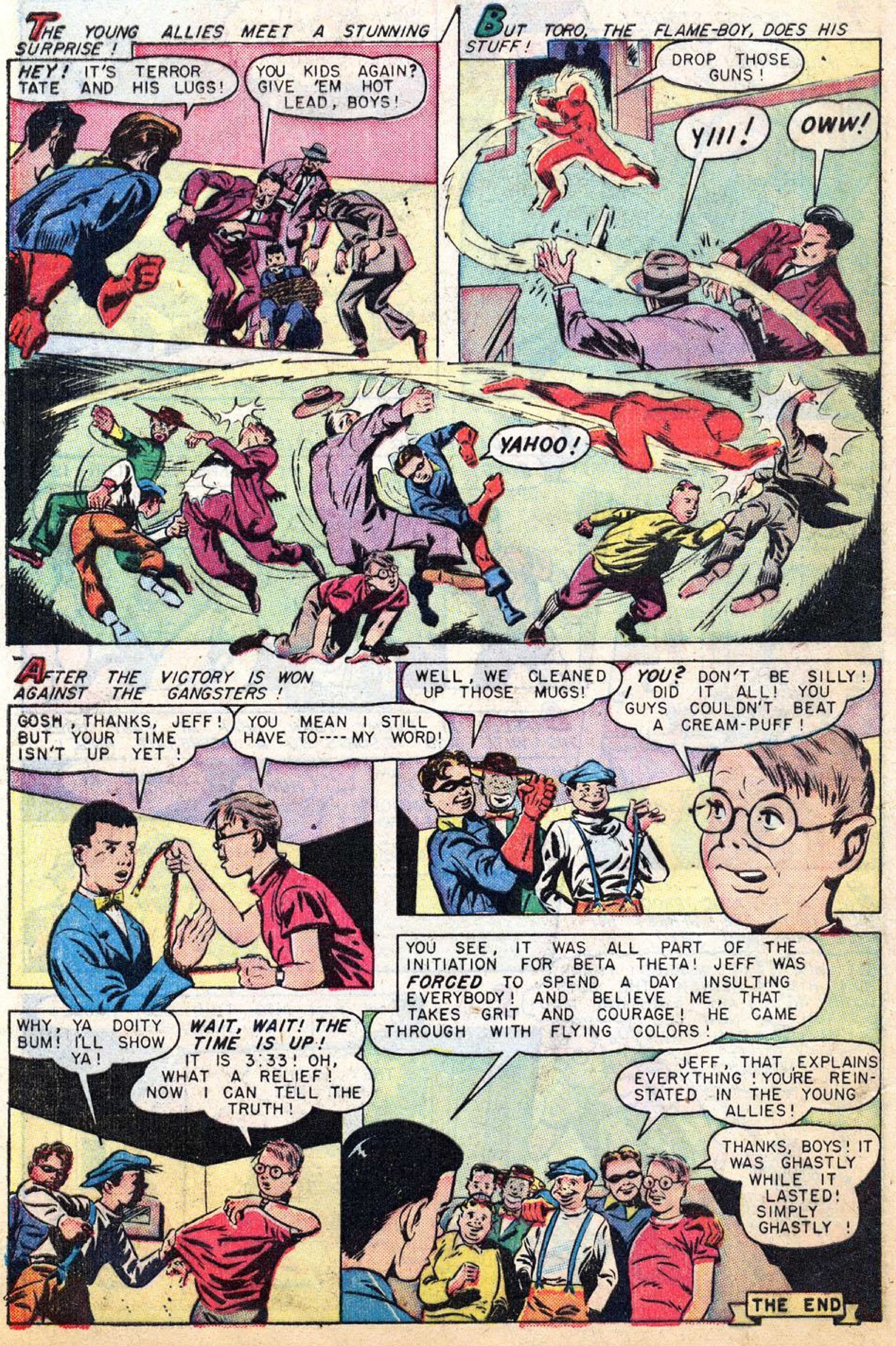

IT IS SATURDAY MORNING AND THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE CONGREGATED AT THEIR CLUBHOUSE, LOOKING FORWARD TO THE WEEK-END--------
NO SCHOOL UNTIL MONDAY! *YIPPEE!*
BUT WHERE'S JEFF?
OH! HE'LL BE ALONG SOON, LOOKING AS NEAT AND WELL-GROOMED AS EVER!
YEAH, HE EVEN COMBS HIS HAIR!
HE'S SMART, TOO! AN' PERLITE!
YES, FELLOWS, WE CAN ALL BE PROUD TO HAVE JEFF IN OUR GROUP! HE'S NEAT AND CLEAN, SPEAKS WELL, STUDIES HARD, AND----
DE DOOR IS OPENIN'! IT MUS' BE JEFF!
A SHOCK MEETS THE BOYS, AS JEFF ENTERS------
HI YA, FELLAS!
HOLY SMOKE- ***LOOK!*** HE'S WEARIN' DOITY CLOTHES--- HIS HAIR AIN'T COMBED--- HE LOOKS LIKE A BUM! IS DAT JEFF?
JEFF! WE WERE JUST SAYING HOW NEAT AND CLEAN YOU ARE, AND NOW YOU COME IN LIKE A TRAMP! WHAT'S UP?
WHAT'S IT TO YA? KEEP YOUR LONG NOSE OUT OF MY AFFAIRS, SEE?
HOLY COW! HE AIN'T PERLITE NO MORE NEITHER!
LISTEN, YOU! I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE! DON'T CRITICIZE ***ME***, SEE?
HE'S INSULTING, TOO! THIS ISN'T LIKE JEFF AT ALL!
WHY, DA BUM! I'LL MOIDER HIM!
EASY, KNUCKLES! NO FIGHTING!
BAH! YOU ALL BORE ME!

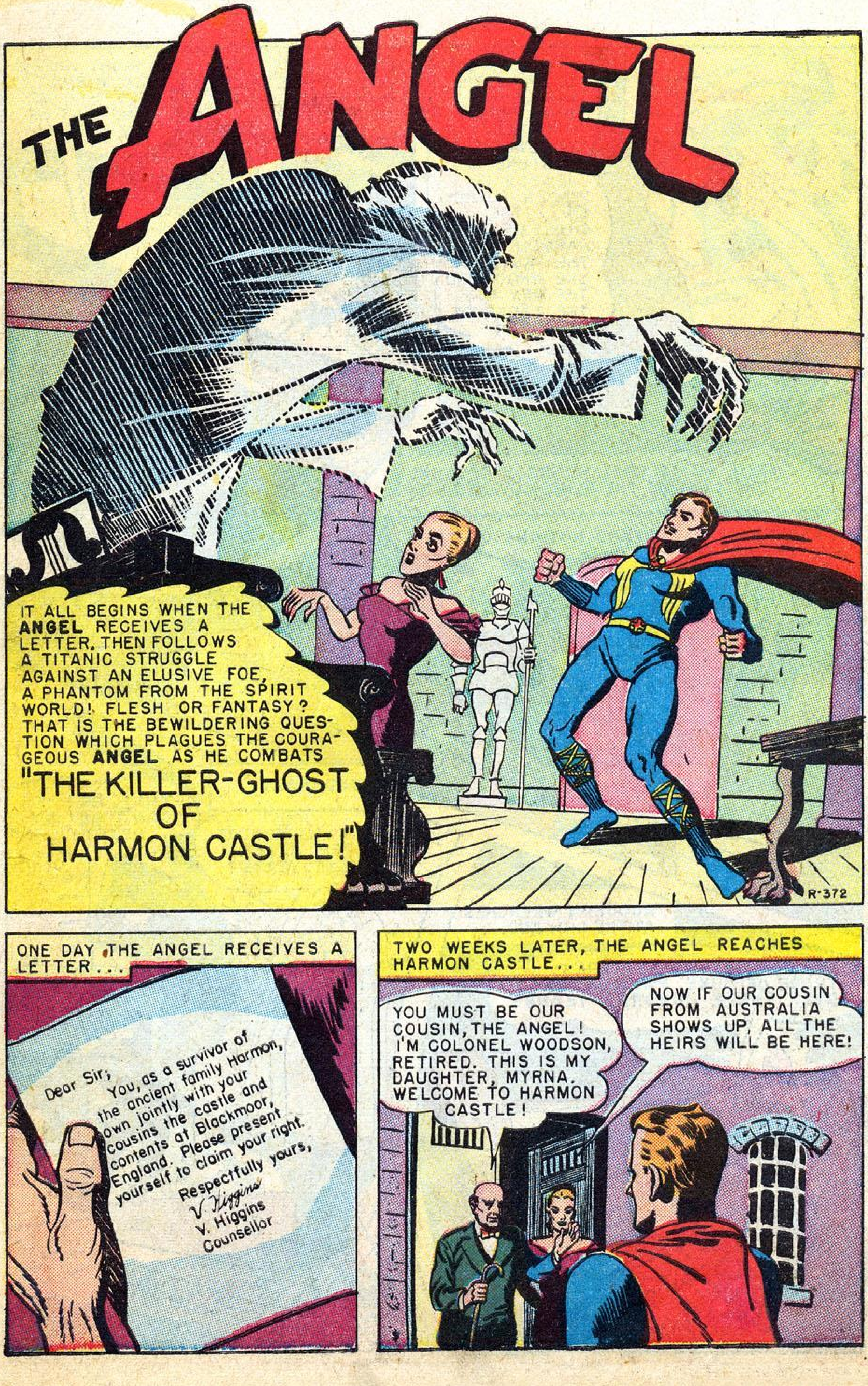

WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY? WHY HAS JEFF, THE MODEL OF GOOD BREEDING, SUDDENLY CHANGED? LET US GO BACK TO THE DAY BEFORE, FRIDAY, AS WE FIND JEFF AT THE SWANK PRIVATE SCHOOL WHICH HE ATTENDS-----
YOU'VE BEEN PICKED TO JOIN OUR BETA THETA FRATERNITY, JEFF! COME ALONG FOR THE INITIATION!
MY WORD! THIS *IS* AN HONOR!
FELLOWS OF BETA THETA! HERE IS OUR NEW INITIATE! PREPARE THE CEREMONIES!
YES, O GRAND HIGH!
THE INITIATION GOES THROUGH VARIOUS STAGES, ALL OF THEM RUGGED FOR JEFF!
NOT A SOUND, OR YOU ARE DISQUALIFIED!
YOU HAVE PASSED ALL THE TESTS--- EXCEPT ONE! THE **HARDEST** TEST OF ALL! TOMORROW, FOR MOST OF THE DAY YOU MUST DRESS VERY SLOPPILY AND INSULT ALL YOUR FRIENDS!
MY WORD!
I APPOINT SCHUYLER HERE TO BE OUR SPOTTER! HE WILL FOLLOW AND WATCH YOU TOMORROW TO SEE THAT YOU INSULT PEOPLE AND ACT THE PART OF A PERFECT BOOR! YOU ARE RELEASED FROM THE PLEDGE AT 3:33 TOMORROW! *UNDERSTAND?*
Y-YES, O GRAND HIGH!
AND SO THE NEXT MORNING, AS JEFF LEAVES HIS HOME TO VISIT THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE YOUNG ALLIES-------
MY WORD! MUST I REALLY GO THROUGH WITH THIS, SCHUYLER?
YOU'D BETTER, JEFF, OR YOU WON'T MAKE BETA THETA! GO AND INSULT YOUR FRIENDS! I'LL BE WATCHING YOU ALL THE TIME!
AND THIS IS THE TRAP IN WHICH POOR JEFF FINDS HIMSELF, UNABLE TO EXPLAIN TO HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS WHAT THE SITUATION IS!
LOOK HERE, JEFF! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH! EITHER YOU STOP INSULTING US----OR **GO!**
BAH! I'LL GO! YOU CHUMPS GIVE ME A PAIN!


MY WORD, BUT THIS IS DIFFICULT! MY FRIENDS ARE EXCEEDINGLY ANGRY WITH ME!
FORGET IT, JEFF! YOU CAN EXPLAIN TO THEM TOMORROW! NOW COME ALONG WITH ME! YOU HAVE TO INSULT STRANGERS TOO!
IT'S PART OF THE RULES, JEFF! GET GOING! INSULT THAT MAN COMING ALONG. MAKE IT GOOD!
BUT I---- *ALL RIGHT!*
LITTLE DOES JEFF KNOW THAT HE HAS PICKED ON TERROR TATE, UNDERWORLD GANGSTER!
OUTA MY WAY, YA BIG LUG! DO YOU WANT THE WHOLE SIDEWALK?
OWWWWW! MY ANKLE!
THUD
WHY, YA LITTLE PUNK! KICK TERROR TATE, WILL YA? GET TO WORK ON HIM, MEN!
OKAY, BOSS!
OHHH!
OMIGOSH! FELLAS, JEFF IS BEING BEAT UP BY SOME TOUGH GUYS!
IS DAT SO? *HA! HA!*
SHOULD WE GO HELP HIM?
WHAT? AFTER THE WAY HE INSULTED US?
BUT ONLY A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE YOUNG ALLIES SWARM OUT, LOYAL TO THEIR COMRADE, DESPITE WHAT HAPPENED!
AW GOSH! WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM IN THE LURCH!
RIGHT! LET'S GO! YAHOO!
WITH FLAME ON, TORO REACHES THE SCENE FIRST, AND------
I'LL KICK HIS RIBS IN---- *YIII!*
YOU HAVE NO KICK COMING, MISTER!


YAHOO!
IS YO' ALL RIGHT, JEFF BOY?
THE COWARDLY THUGS FLEE!
DA BIG BULLIES! PICKIN' ON OUR OLD PAL!
WELL, WE SAVED YOU FROM A BAD BEATING, JEFF!
I'D LIKE TO THANK THE BOYS, BUT SCHUYLER IS WATCHING!
WHY DON'T YOU GUYS LET ME ALONE? MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S THE THANKS WE GET FOR HELPING HIM!
THAT DID IT! THAT'S ENOUGH! WE HEREBY OUST YOU FROM THE YOUNG ALLIES, JEFF! GOODBYE!
AN' IF I EVER RUN ACROSS YA AGAIN, YA GETS A PUNCH IN DA NOSE!
YES, BUT IT COST ME MY MEMBERSHIP IN THE YOUNG ALLIES! WOE IS ME!
SWELL, JEFF! IF YOU KEEP THIS UP, YOU'LL BE A BETA THETA FOR SURE!
MEANWHILE, TERROR TATE AND HIS HENCHMEN HAVE NOT GONE FAR, AND-------
HEY, BOSS! LOOK! SEE DAT KID WITH DA PUNK WOT KICKED YA? HE'S SCHUYLER VAN WYCKHAM, DA RICHEST KID IN TOWN!
HMM.....IF WE PULL A SNATCH AND HOLD HIM FOR RANSOM, WE'LL CLEAN UP!
HEAVENS! I'VE INSULTED ALL THE PEOPLE I KNOW! CAN'T I PLEASE STOP?
NO-----YOUR TIME ISN'T UP UNTIL 3:33!
5


THE CROOKS STRIKE!
MY GOODNESS! A KIDNAPING!
GOT HIM!
HELP!
JUST MADE IT! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY TAKE SCHUYLER!
HERE'S THEIR HIDEOUT! BUT IT WOULD BE FOOLHARDY FOR ME TO INVADE THE PLACE ALONE! I MUST SUMMON AID!
JEFF DASHES TO THE CLUBHOUSE, AND-----
BOYS! I NEED HELP! MY FRIEND SCHUYLER IS IN TROUBLE!
IGNORE HIM! IT'S SOME NEW TRICK OF HIS!
BAFFLED AT EVERY TURN, JEFF AT LAST USES HIS WITS AND RESORTS TO A DESPERATE RUSE!
NYAAAA! YOU ARE ALL A BUNCH OF IDIOTS--- NINCOMPOOPS--- ---AND MORONS! WHAT'S MORE, YOU'RE ALL BRAINLESS BABOONS! NYAAAA!
HUH?
LEMME AT 'IM!
AND A STRANGE PROCESSION GOES DOWN THE STREET IN FULL HUE AND CRY!
GET HIM! RUN HIM DOWN! WE'LL TEACH HIM!
IT WORKED! THANK HEAVEN! THE BOYS ARE FIGHTING MAD! NOW I'LL LEAD THEM TO THE HIDEOUT!
SOON---
HE RAN INTO THIS OLD HOUSE! TRYING TO HIDE, EH?
THEY RUSHED PAST ME!


THE YOUNG ALLIES MEET A STUNNING SURPRISE!
HEY! IT'S TERROR TATE AND HIS LUGS!
YOU KIDS AGAIN? GIVE 'EM HOT LEAD, BOYS!
BUT TORO, THE FLAME-BOY, DOES HIS STUFF!
DROP THOSE GUNS!
YIII!
OWW!
YAHOO!
AFTER THE VICTORY IS WON AGAINST THE GANGSTERS!
GOSH, THANKS, JEFF! BUT YOUR TIME ISN'T UP YET!
YOU MEAN I STILL HAVE TO---- MY WORD!
WELL, WE CLEANED UP THOSE MUGS!
YOU? DON'T BE SILLY! I DID IT ALL! YOU GUYS COULDN'T BEAT A CREAM-PUFF!
WHY, YA DOITY BUM! I'LL SHOW YA!
WAIT, WAIT! THE TIME IS UP! IT IS 3:33! OH, WHAT A RELIEF! NOW I CAN TELL THE TRUTH!
YOU SEE, IT WAS ALL PART OF THE INITIATION FOR BETA THETA! JEFF WAS FORCED TO SPEND A DAY INSULTING EVERYBODY! AND BELIEVE ME, THAT TAKES GRIT AND COURAGE! HE CAME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS!
JEFF, THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! YOU'RE REINSTATED IN THE YOUNG ALLIES!
THANKS, BOYS! IT WAS GHASTLY WHILE IT LASTED! SIMPLY GHASTLY!
THE END

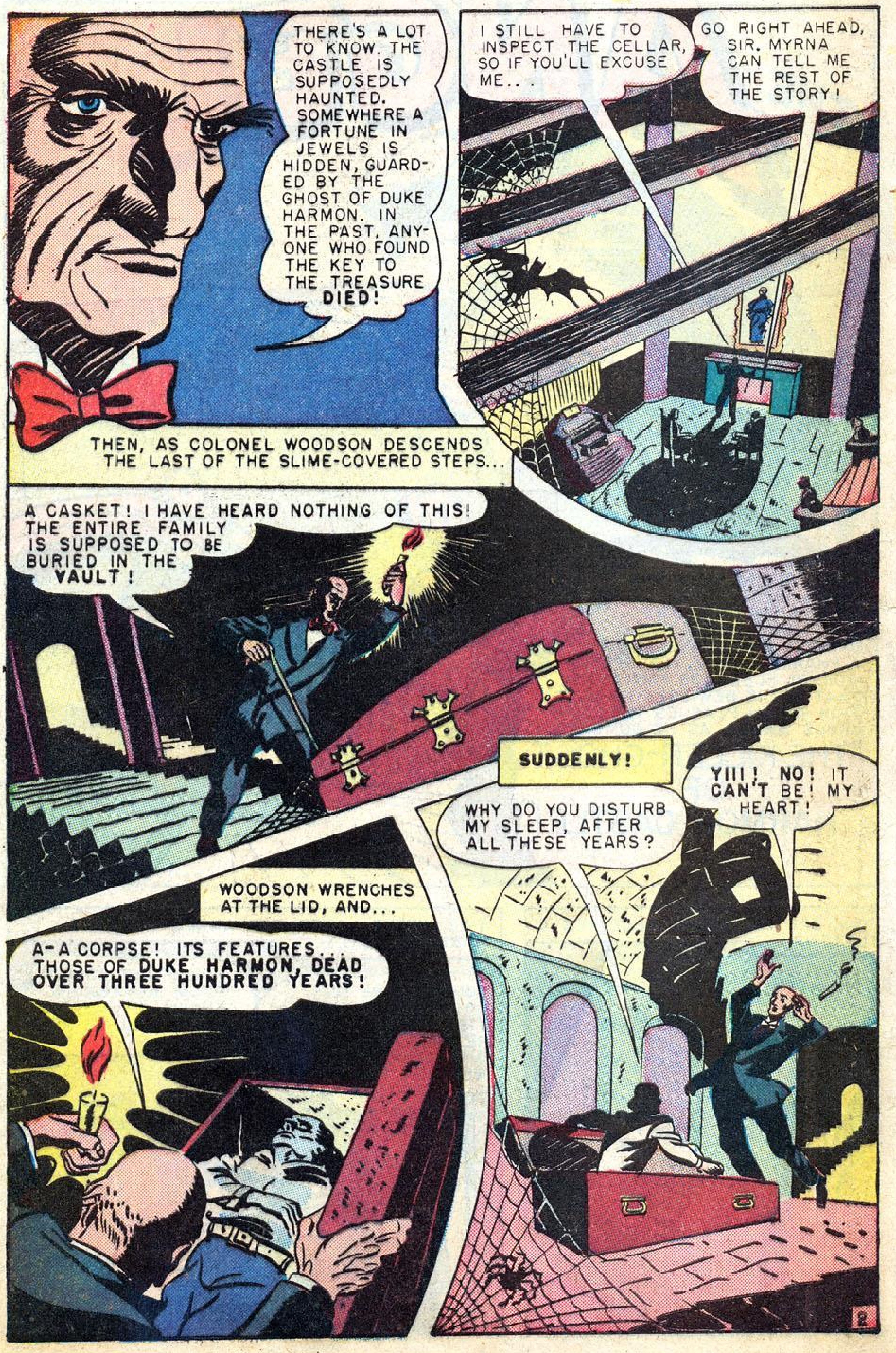

THE ANGEL
IT ALL BEGINS WHEN THE ANGEL RECEIVES A LETTER. THEN FOLLOWS A TITANIC STRUGGLE AGAINST AN ELUSIVE FOE, A PHANTOM FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD!. FLESH OR FANTASY? THAT IS THE BEWILDERING QUESTION WHICH PLAGUES THE COURAGEOUS ANGEL AS HE COMBATS
"THE KILLER-GHOST OF HARMON CASTLE!"
R-372
ONE DAY THE ANGEL RECEIVES A LETTER . . .

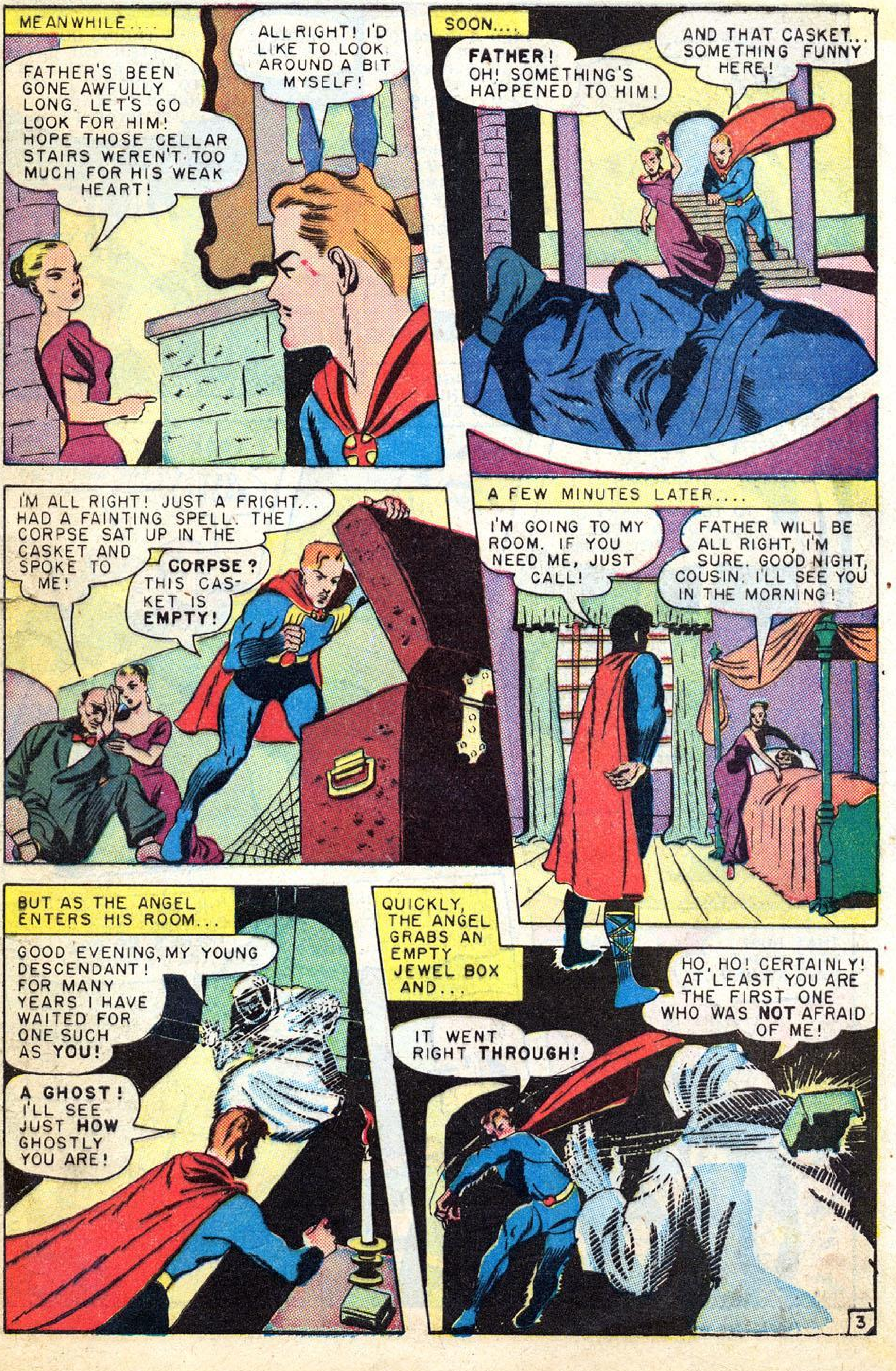
Dear Sir,

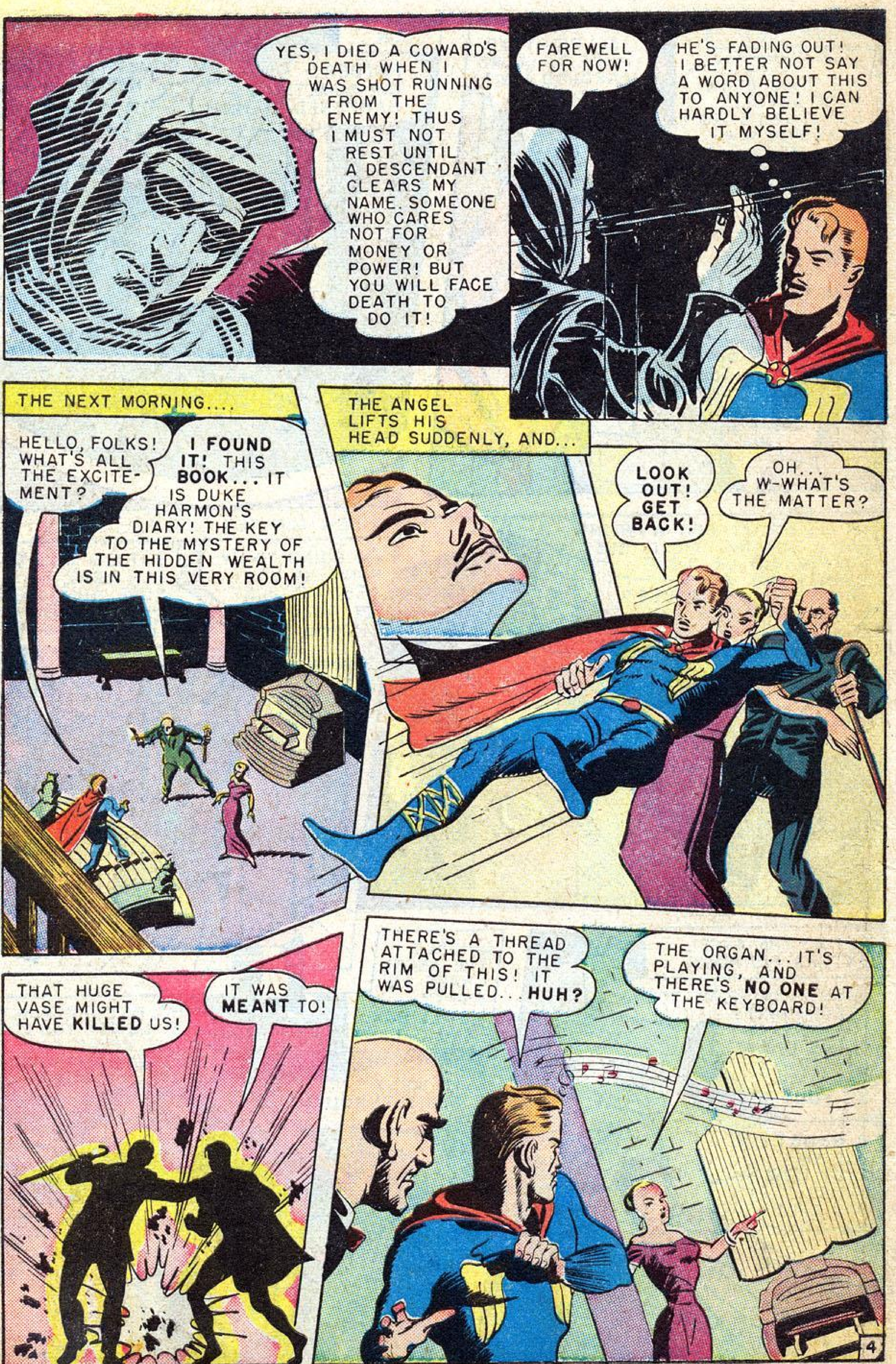
You, as a survivor of the ancient family Harmon, own jointly with your cousins the castle and contents at Blackmoor, England. Please present yourself to claim your right.

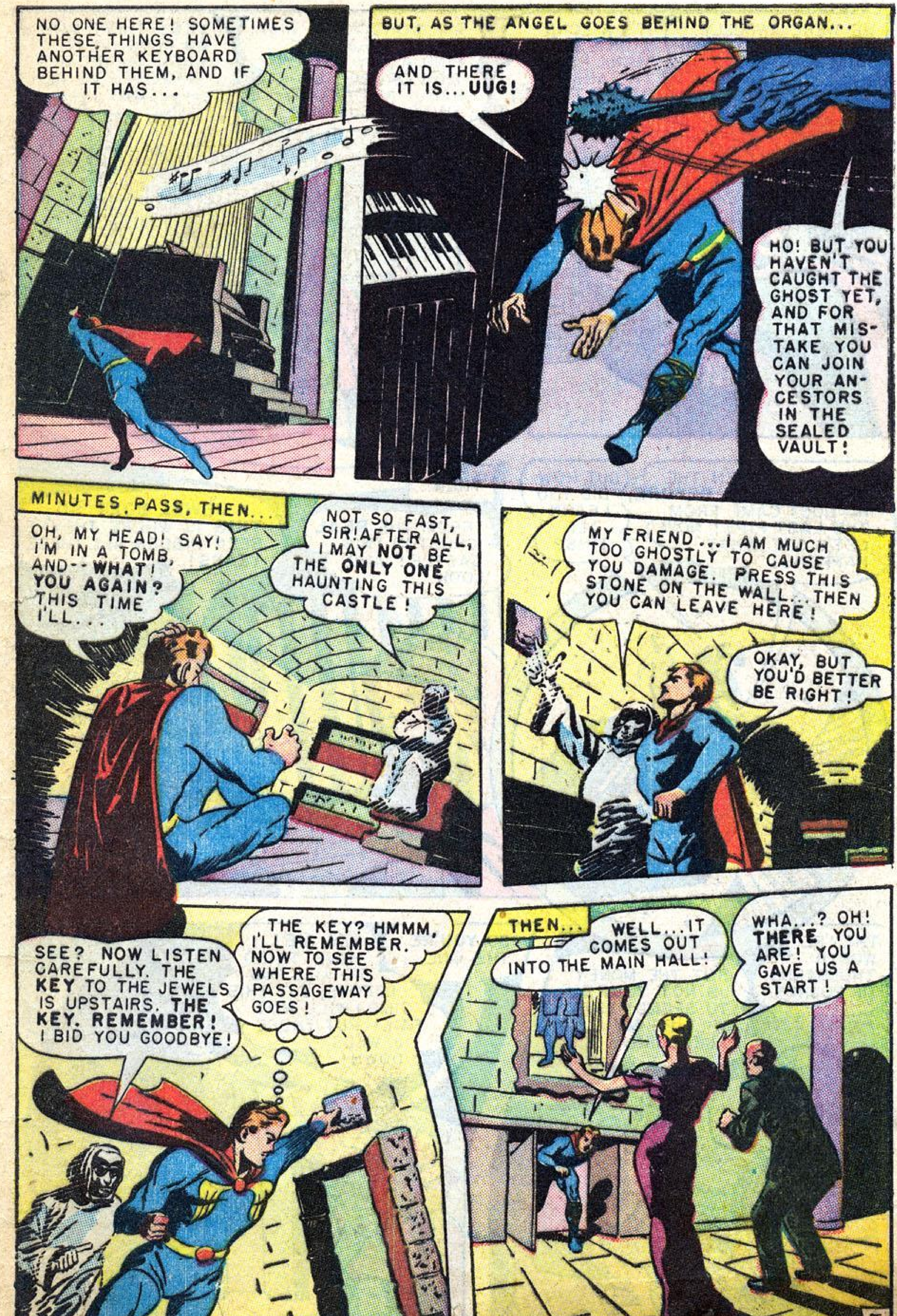
Respectfully yours,
V. Higgins
V. Higgins
Counsellor

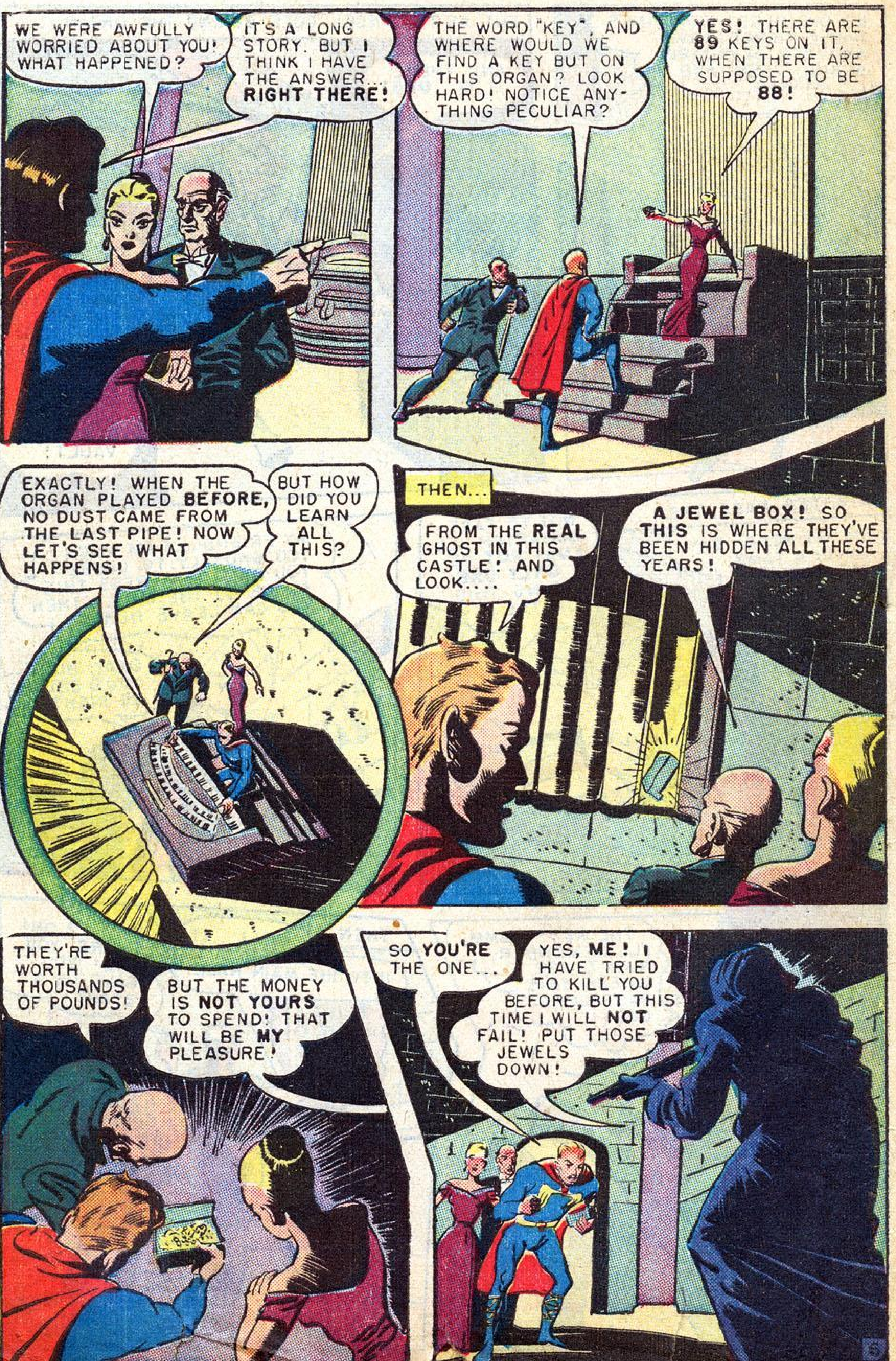
TWO WEEKS LATER, THE ANGEL REACHES HARMON CASTLE . . .
YOU MUST BE OUR COUSIN, THE ANGEL! I'M COLONEL WOODSON, RETIRED. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, MYRNA. WELCOME TO HARMON CASTLE!
NOW IF OUR COUSIN FROM AUSTRALIA SHOWS UP, ALL THE HEIRS WILL BE HERE!

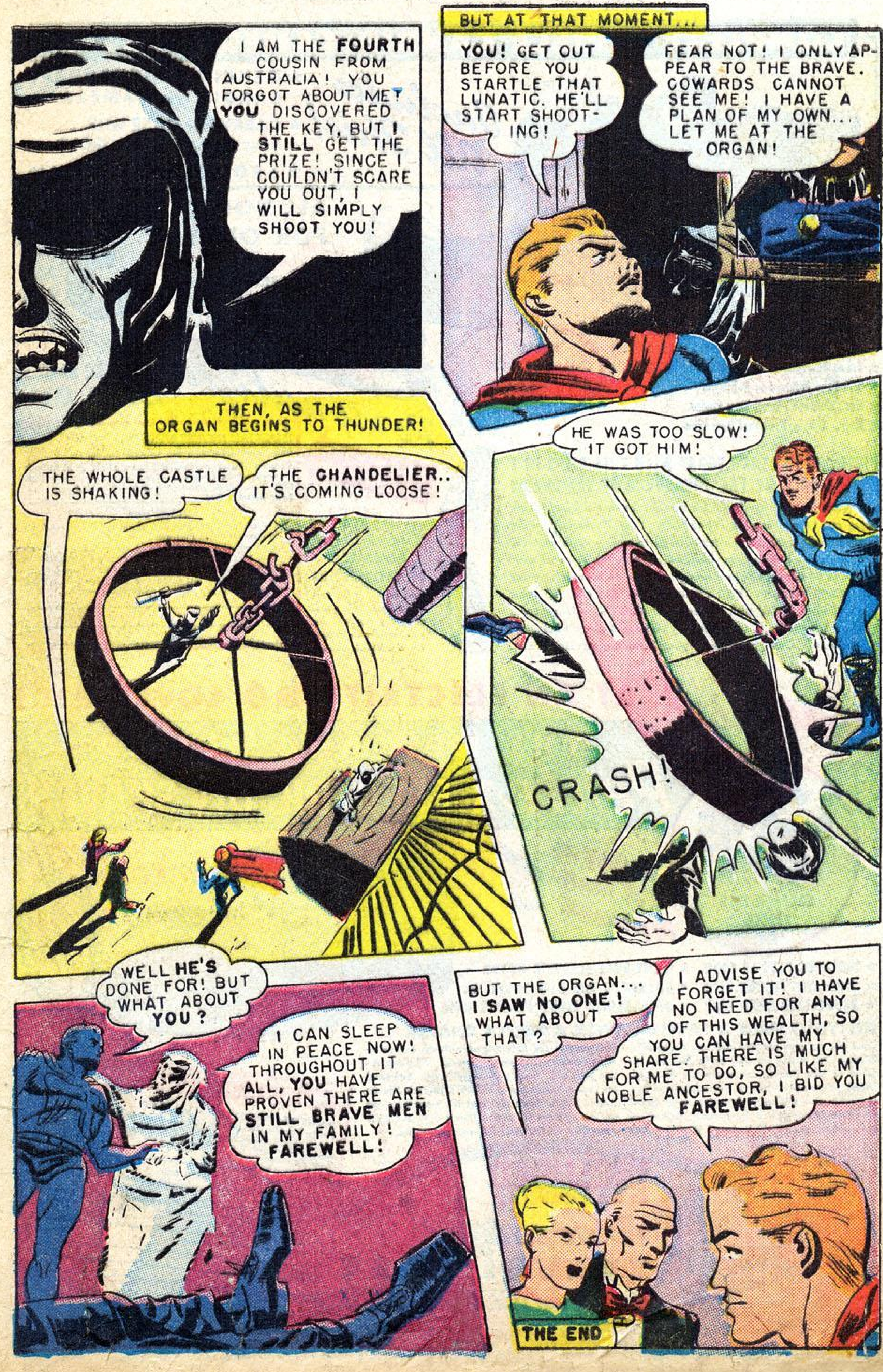

THERE'S A LOT TO KNOW. THE CASTLE IS SUPPOSEDLY HAUNTED. SOMEWHERE A FORTUNE IN JEWELS IS HIDDEN, GUARDED BY THE GHOST OF DUKE HARMON. IN THE PAST, ANYONE WHO FOUND THE KEY TO THE TREASURE **DIED**!
I STILL HAVE TO INSPECT THE CELLAR, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
GO RIGHT AHEAD, SIR. MYRNA CAN TELL ME THE REST OF THE STORY!
THEN, AS COLONEL WOODSON DESCENDS THE LAST OF THE SLIME-COVERED STEPS...
A CASKET! I HAVE HEARD NOTHING OF THIS! THE ENTIRE FAMILY IS SUPPOSED TO BE BURIED IN THE **VAULT**!
SUDDENLY!
WHY DO YOU DISTURB MY SLEEP, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?
YIII! NO! IT CAN'T BE! MY HEART!
WOODSON WRENCHES AT THE LID, AND...
A-A CORPSE! ITS FEATURES... THOSE OF **DUKE HARMON, DEAD OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS!**


MEANWHILE....
FATHER'S BEEN GONE AWFULLY LONG. LET'S GO LOOK FOR HIM! HOPE THOSE CELLAR STAIRS WEREN'T TOO MUCH FOR HIS WEAK HEART!
ALL RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO LOOK AROUND A BIT MYSELF!
SOON....
FATHER! OH! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!
AND THAT CASKET... SOMETHING FUNNY HERE!
I'M ALL RIGHT! JUST A FRIGHT... HAD A FAINTING SPELL. THE CORPSE SAT UP IN THE CASKET AND SPOKE TO ME!
CORPSE? THIS CASKET IS EMPTY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER....
I'M GOING TO MY ROOM. IF YOU NEED ME, JUST CALL!
FATHER WILL BE ALL RIGHT, I'M SURE. GOOD NIGHT, COUSIN. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!
BUT AS THE ANGEL ENTERS HIS ROOM...
GOOD EVENING, MY YOUNG DESCENDANT! FOR MANY YEARS I HAVE WAITED FOR ONE SUCH AS YOU!
A GHOST! I'LL SEE JUST HOW GHOSTLY YOU ARE!
QUICKLY, THE ANGEL GRABS AN EMPTY JEWEL BOX AND...
HO, HO! CERTAINLY! AT LEAST YOU ARE THE FIRST ONE WHO WAS NOT AFRAID OF ME!
IT WENT RIGHT THROUGH!


YES, I DIED A COWARD'S DEATH WHEN I WAS SHOT RUNNING FROM THE ENEMY! THUS I MUST NOT REST UNTIL A DESCENDANT CLEARS MY NAME. SOMEONE WHO CARES NOT FOR MONEY OR POWER! BUT YOU WILL FACE DEATH TO DO IT!
FAREWELL FOR NOW!
HE'S FADING OUT! I BETTER NOT SAY A WORD ABOUT THIS TO ANYONE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF!
THE NEXT MORNING....
HELLO, FOLKS! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?
I FOUND IT! THIS **BOOK...** IT IS DUKE HARMON'S DIARY! THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF THE HIDDEN WEALTH IS IN THIS VERY ROOM!
THE ANGEL LIFTS HIS HEAD SUDDENLY, AND...
LOOK OUT! GET BACK!
OH... W-WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THAT HUGE VASE MIGHT HAVE **KILLED** US!
IT WAS **MEANT** TO!
THERE'S A THREAD ATTACHED TO THE RIM OF THIS! IT WAS PULLED... **HUH?**
THE ORGAN... IT'S PLAYING, AND THERE'S **NO ONE** AT THE KEYBOARD!


NO ONE HERE! SOMETIMES THESE THINGS HAVE ANOTHER KEYBOARD BEHIND THEM, AND IF IT HAS...
BUT, AS THE ANGEL GOES BEHIND THE ORGAN...
AND THERE IT IS... UUG!
HO! BUT YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT THE GHOST YET, AND FOR THAT MISTAKE YOU CAN JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS IN THE SEALED VAULT!
MINUTES PASS, THEN...
OH, MY HEAD! SAY! I'M IN A TOMB, AND-- WHAT! YOU AGAIN? THIS TIME I'LL...
NOT SO FAST, SIR! AFTER ALL, I MAY NOT BE THE ONLY ONE HAUNTING THIS CASTLE!
MY FRIEND... I AM MUCH TOO GHOSTLY TO CAUSE YOU DAMAGE. PRESS THIS STONE ON THE WALL... THEN YOU CAN LEAVE HERE!
OKAY, BUT YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT!
SEE? NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. THE KEY TO THE JEWELS IS UPSTAIRS. THE KEY. REMEMBER! I BID YOU GOODBYE!
THE KEY? HMMM, I'LL REMEMBER. NOW TO SEE WHERE THIS PASSAGEWAY GOES!
THEN...
WELL... IT COMES OUT INTO THE MAIN HALL!
WHA...? OH! THERE YOU ARE! YOU GAVE US A START!


WE WERE AWFULLY WORRIED ABOUT YOU! WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S A LONG STORY. BUT I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER... **RIGHT THERE!**
THE WORD "KEY", AND WHERE WOULD WE FIND A KEY BUT ON THIS ORGAN? LOOK HARD! NOTICE ANYTHING PECULIAR?
YES! THERE ARE **89** KEYS ON IT, WHEN THERE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE **88!**
EXACTLY! WHEN THE ORGAN PLAYED **BEFORE,** NO DUST CAME FROM THE LAST PIPE! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
BUT HOW DID YOU LEARN ALL THIS?
THEN...
FROM THE **REAL** GHOST IN THIS CASTLE! AND LOOK....
A JEWEL BOX! SO **THIS** IS WHERE THEY'VE BEEN HIDDEN **ALL** THESE YEARS!
THEY'RE WORTH THOUSANDS OF POUNDS!
BUT THE MONEY IS **NOT YOURS** TO SPEND! THAT WILL BE **MY** PLEASURE!
SO **YOU'RE** THE ONE...
YES, **ME!** I HAVE TRIED TO KILL YOU BEFORE, BUT THIS TIME I WILL **NOT** FAIL! PUT THOSE JEWELS DOWN!
6


I AM THE FOURTH COUSIN FROM AUSTRALIA! YOU FORGOT ABOUT ME! YOU DISCOVERED THE KEY, BUT I STILL GET THE PRIZE! SINCE I COULDN'T SCARE YOU OUT, I WILL SIMPLY SHOOT YOU!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT...
YOU! GET OUT BEFORE YOU STARTLE THAT LUNATIC. HE'LL START SHOOTING!
FEAR NOT! I ONLY APPEAR TO THE BRAVE. COWARDS CANNOT SEE ME! I HAVE A PLAN OF MY OWN... LET ME AT THE ORGAN!
THEN, AS THE ORGAN BEGINS TO THUNDER!
THE WHOLE CASTLE IS SHAKING!
THE CHANDELIER.. IT'S COMING LOOSE!
HE WAS TOO SLOW! IT GOT HIM!
CRASH!
WELL HE'S DONE FOR! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I CAN SLEEP IN PEACE NOW! THROUGHOUT IT ALL, YOU HAVE PROVEN THERE ARE STILL BRAVE MEN IN MY FAMILY! FAREWELL!
BUT THE ORGAN... I SAW NO ONE! WHAT ABOUT THAT?
I ADVISE YOU TO FORGET IT! I HAVE NO NEED FOR ANY OF THIS WEALTH, SO YOU CAN HAVE MY SHARE. THERE IS MUCH FOR ME TO DO, SO LIKE MY NOBLE ANCESTOR, I BID YOU FAREWELL!
THE END

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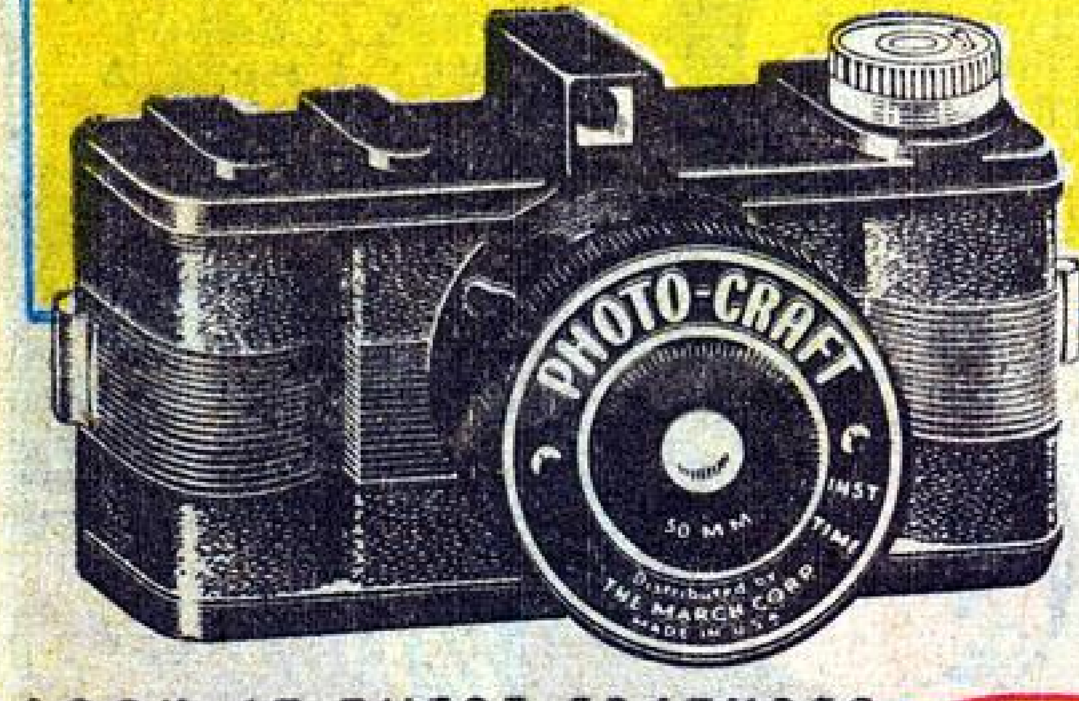
- ★ GENUINE PHOTOCRAFT CANDID Type CAMERA
- ★ CARRYING CASE with Your Name in 23-Kt. GOLD
- ★ 3 ROLLS of No. 127 FILM



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CARRYING CASE
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127

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Sold On A "Examine At Our Risk" GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

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618 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Rush my Photocraft Candid Camera Outfit at $3.98 with Personalized Carrying Case and 3 rolls of No. 127 Film. My money will be refunded if returned in 10 days.

Name Wanted In Gold ______________________
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CHECK ONE

- ☐ I'm enclosing $3.98 in full payment. Please send my Photocraft Outfit Postpaid.
- ☐ Send my Photocraft C.O.D. I am enclosing $1.00 deposit because I want my Carrying Case Personalized in GOLD. I'll pay postman balance of $2.98 plus postage.
- ☐ Send my Photocraft C.O.D. without name on Carrying Case. I will pay postman $3.98 plus postage.

Name ______________________
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a Gift He Will Truly Appreciate

- ★ INCLUDES PLUG-IN CORD
- ★ SUPER-KEEN CUTTING HEAD
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- ★ OPERATES ON 110 VOLTS AC
- ★ STREAMLINED IVORY PLASTIC CASE

DO YOUR FACE A FAVOR...WITH A *PERFEX* SHAVER

Now you can own the new and better PERFEX Electric Dry Shaver for only $3.95. So why continue to take shaving discomfort on the chin. Whisk your whiskers away in the modern manner —quickly and efficiently. Introduce your beard (tough as it may be) to the dynamic, *Super-Keen* cutting head of a PERFEX shaver. You'll be truly electrified at the flattering smoothness and satisfying comfort that you experience. Why not retire your old "horse-and-buggy" razor and send for your miraculous new PERFEX Electric Shaver today. If you don't feel that it's everything we say it is, return it to us within 5 days and we'll cheerfully refund your full purchase price.

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TRAVEL CASE WITH YOUR NAME IN 23 Kt. GOLD

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Perfex Electric Div., 618 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Rush my Perfex Electric Dry Shaver at $3.95 with handsome travel case personalized in Gold. If not completely satisfied I may return it within 5 days for refund.

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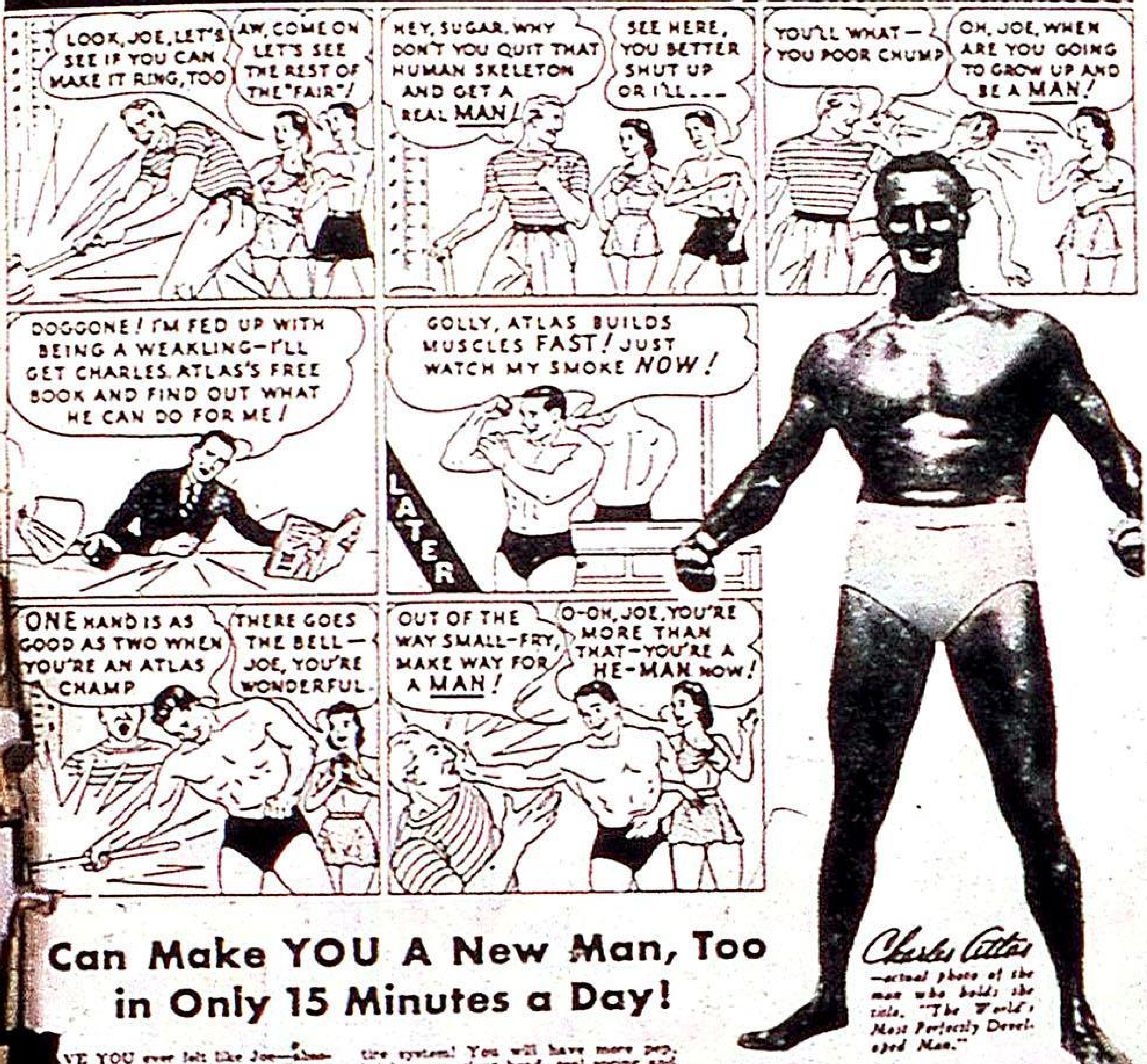
CHECK ONE

- ☐ Am enclosing $3.95 in full payment. Please send my Perfex Shaver postpaid.
- ☐ Send my Perfex Shaver C.O.D. I am enclosing $1.00 deposit because I want my travel case personalized in GOLD. I'll pay postman balance of $2.95 plus postage.
- ☐ Send my Perfex Shaver C.O.D. without name on travel case. I will pay postman $3.95 plus postage.

Name ______________________
(Please Print Clearly)
Address ____________ Zone ____ State ____________
City ______________________

The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP


LOOK, JOE, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT RING, TOO
AW, COME ON LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE "FAIR"!
HEY, SUGAR, WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT HUMAN SKELETON AND GET A REAL MAN!
SEE HERE, YOU BETTER SHUT UP OR I'LL...
YOU'LL WHAT—YOU POOR CHUMP
OH, JOE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND BE A MAN!
DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING—I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME!
GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!
LATER
ONE HAND IS AS GOOD AS TWO WHEN YOU'RE AN ATLAS CHAMP
THERE GOES THE BELL—JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL
OUT OF THE WAY SMALL-FRY, MAKE WAY FOR A MAN!
O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE MORE THAN THAT—YOU'RE A HE-MAN NOW!

Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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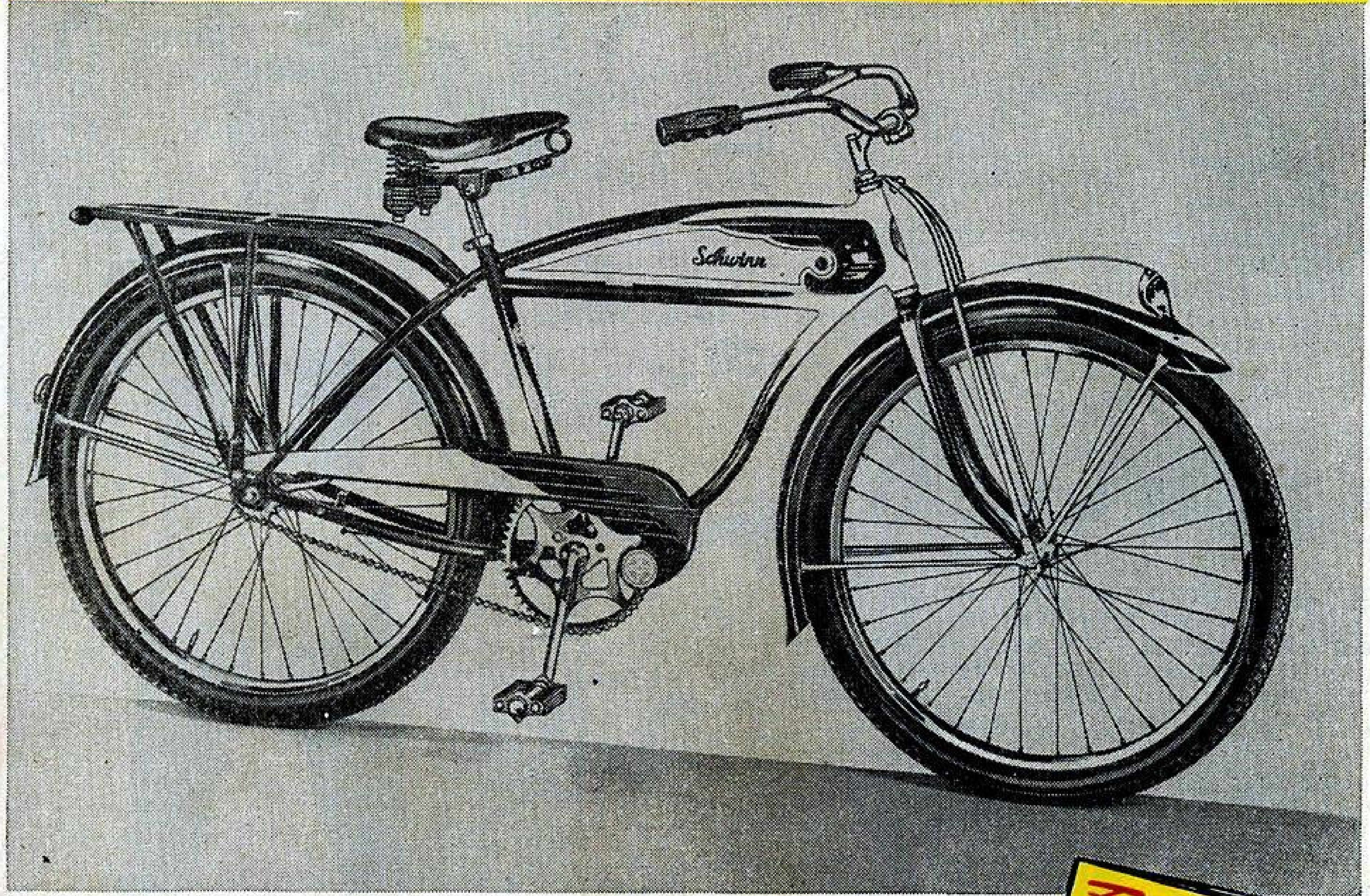

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